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NO MORE.

BY M. H. W.

The past is o'er—
Waste not thy days in vain regret:
Grieve thou no more.

Look now before
And not behind thee; do not fret—
The past is o'er.

Thy pain is sore
And thou hast cause for sorrow, yet
Grieve thou no more.

Close Memory's door—
That day is dead, that sun has set—
The past is o'er.

There is in store
For thee still happy days. Forget!
Grieve thou no more.

Smile as of yore—
No longer let thine eyes be wet,
The past is o'er.
Grieve thou no more!

FOUND AND LOST.

BY C. J.

IT was a fine warm evening at Kimberley, the diamond town of South Africa, and Frank Farnborough, just before the hour dinner at the Central, was feeling on very good terms with himself.

He had put in an excellent day's work at De Beers, that colossal diamond company's office, where he had the good fortune to be employed; and had that morning received from his chief an intimation that his salary had been raised to two thousand per year.

This is not an immense sum in Kimberley, where living is dear all round; but for a young man of five-and-twenty, of fairly capable habits, it seemed not so bad a stipend.

And so Frank sat down to the excellent table always to be found at the Central, at peace with the world and with a sound appetite for his dinner. Next to him was a fellow-member of the principal Kimberley ball team, and, as they were both old friends and enthusiasts, they chatted freely.

Everywhere around them sat that curious commingling of mankind usually to be seen at a Kimberley hotel—diamond dealers, Government officials, stockholders, detectives, Jews, Germans, Englismen and Scots, and a few Irish, hunters and traders from the far interior, miners, prospectors, concessionaries, and others.

A few women leavened by their presence the mass of mankind, their numbers just now being increased by some members of a theatrical company playing in the town.

As for Frank and his companion, they drank their tall tankards of cool beer, ate their dinners, listened with amusement to the impossible yarns of a miner from the Transvaal, and presently rising, sought the veranda chairs and took their coffee. In a little while Frank's comrade left him for some engagement in town.

Frank finished his coffee and sat smoking in some meditation. He was, on the whole, as we have seen, on good terms with himself, but there was one little cloud upon his horizon, which gave pause to his thoughts.

Like many other young fellows, he lodged in the bungalo house of another man: that is, he had a good bedroom and the run of the sitting-rooms, in the house of Otto Staarbrucker, an Afrikander of mixed German and Semetic origin, a decent fellow enough in his way, who ran a store in Kimberley.

This arrangement suited Frank Farnborough well enough; he paid a moderate rental, took his meals at the Central, and preserved his personal liberty intact. But Otto Staarbrucker had a sister, Nina, who played housekeeper, and played her part very charmingly.

Nina was a colonial girl of really excellent manners and education. Like many Afrikanders, nowadays, she had been sent to Europe for her schooling, and having made the most of her opportunities, had returned to the Cape a very charming and well-educated young woman.

Moreover, she was undeniably attractive, very beautiful most Kimberley folks thought her. On the mother's side there was blood of the Spanish Jews in her veins—and Nina, a sparkling yet refined brunette, showed in her blue-black hair, magnificent eyes, warm complexion, and shapely figure, some of the best points of that Spanish type.

These two young people had been a good deal together of late—mostly in the warm evenings, when Kimberley people sit in their verandas cooling down after the fiery heat of the corrugated iron town.

It was pleasant to watch the stars, to smoke the placid pipe, and to talk about Europe and European things to a handsome girl, who took small pains to conceal her friendliness for the strong, well set-up, manly young fellow, who treated her with the deference of a gentleman (a thing not always understood in South Africa), and withal could converse pleasantly and well on other topics than diamonds, gambling, and sport.

Frank Farnborough, as he ruminated, over his pipe this evening out there in the Central forecourt—garden, I suppose one should call it—asked himself a plain question.

"Things are becoming steep," he said to himself. "I am getting too fond of Nina, and I half believe she's inclined to like me. She's a nice and a really good girl, I believe. One could go far for a girl like her. And yet—her family is a fatal objection. It won't do, I'm afraid, and the people at home would be horrified.

"I shall have to chill off a bit, and get rooms elsewhere. I shall be sorry, very sorry, but I don't like the girl well enough to swallow her relatives, even supposing I were well enough off to marry, which I am not."

As if bent upon forthwith proving his new-found mettle, the young man soon after rose and betook himself along the road, in the direction of his domicile. Presently he entered the house and passed through to the little garden behind.

As his form appeared between the darkness of the garden and the light of the passage, a soft voice, coming, from the direction of a low table on which stood a lamp, said: "That you, Mr. Farnborough?"

"Yes" he returned, as he sat down by the speaker. "I'm here. What are you doing, I wonder?"

"Oh, I'm just now deep in your book. What a good book it is, and what a wonderful time Wallace had among his birds and insects of Malay; and what an interesting country to explore! This burnt-up Kimberley makes one sigh for green islands, and palm-trees, and blue seas.

"Otto and I will certainly have to go to Kalk Bay for Christmas. There are no palm-trees, certainly, but there's a delicious blue sea. A year at Kimberley is enough to try even a bushman."

"Well," returned Frank, "one does want a change from tin shanties and red dust occasionally. I shall enjoy the trip to Capetown too. We shall have a pretty busy time of it in the tournament week; but I shall manage to get a dip in the sea now and then, I hope. I positively long for it."

As Nina leaned back in her big easy chair, in her creamy Surah silk, and in the half-light of the lamp, she looked very bewitching, and not a little pleased, as they chatted together.

Her white teeth flashed in a quick smile to the compliment which Frank paid her, as the conversation drifted from a butterfly caught in the garden, to the discovery he had made that she was one of the few girls in Kimberley who understood the art of arraying herself in an artistic manner. She rewarded Frank's pretty speech by ringing for tea.

"What a blessing it is," she went on, leaning back luxuriously, "to have a quiet evening. Somehow, Otto's friends pall upon one. I wish he had more English friends. I'm afraid my four years in England have rather spoilt me for Otto's set here.

"If it were not for you, indeed, and one or two others now and again, things would be rather dismal. Stocks, shares, companies, and diamonds, reiterated day after day, are apt to weary female ears. I sometimes long to shake myself free from it all. Yet, as you know, here am I, a sort of prisoner at will."

Frank, who had been pouring out more tea, now placed his chair a little nearer to his companion's as he handed her her cup.

"Come," he said, "a princess should hardly talk of prisons. Why, you have all Kimberley at your beck and call, if you like. Why don't you come down from your pedestal and make one of your subjects happy?"

"Ah!" she said, with a little sigh, "my prince hasn't come along yet. I must wait."

Frank, I am afraid, was getting a little out of his depth. He had intended his last speech to be diplomatic and had manifestly failed. He looked up into the glorious star-lit sky, into the blue darkness; he felt the pleasant, cool air about him; he looked upon the face of the girl by his side—its wonderful Spanish beauty, perfectly enframed by the clear light of the lamp.

There was a shade of melancholy upon Nina's face. A little pity, tinged with an immense deal of admiration, combined with almost overpowering force to beat down Frank's resolutions of an hour or two back.

He took the girl's hand into his own, bent his head and lightly kissed it. It was the first time he had ventured so much, and the contact with the warm, soft, shapely flesh thrilled him.

"Don't be down on your luck, Nina," he said. "Things are not so bad. You have at all events some one who would give a good deal to be able to help you—some one who——"

At that moment, just when the depression upon Nina's face had passed, as passes the light cloud wrack from before the moon, a man's loud, rather guttural voice was heard from within the house, and a figure passed into the darkness of the garden. At the sound the girl's hand was snatched from its temporary occupancy.

"Hallo! Nina," said the voice of Otto, her brother, "any tea out there? I'm as thirsty as a salamander."

The tea was poured out, the conversation turned upon indifferent topics, and for two people the interest of the evening had vanished.

Next morning, early, Frank Farnborough found a note and package awaiting him. He opened the letter, which ran thus:

"KIMBERLEY (In a dickens of a hurry).

"MY DEAR FRANK.—Have just got down by post-cart, and am off to catch the train for Capetown, so can't possibly see you. I had a good, if rather rough, time in Mangwato. Knowing your love of natural history specimens, I send you with this a small crocodile, which I picked up in a dried, mummified condition in some bush on the banks of the Mahalapsi River—a dry watercourse running into the Limpopo. How the crocodile got there, I don't know. Probably it found its way up the river-course during the rains, and was left stranded when the drought came. Perhaps it may interest you; if not, chuck it away. Good-bye, old chap. I shall be at Kimberley again in two months' time, and will look you up. Yours ever,

HORACE KENTBURN."

Frank smiled as he read his friend's characteristic letter, and turned at once to the parcel—a package of sacking, some three and a half feet long. This was quickly ripped open, and the contents, a miniature crocodile, as parched and hard as a sun-dried ox-hide, but otherwise in good condition, was exposed.

"I know what I'll do with this," said Frank to himself; "I'll soak the beast in my bath all evening, and then can cut him open and stuff him a bit; he seems to have been perfectly sun-dried."

The crocodile was bestowed in a long plunge bath, and covered with water. Frank found it not sufficiently softened that evening, and had to skirmish elsewhere for a bath next morning in consequence.

But the following evening, on taking the reptile out of soak, it was found to be much more amenable to the knife; and after dinner, Frank returned to his quarters prepared thoroughly to enjoy himself.

First he got into some loose old flannels; then tucked up his sleeves, took his treasure finally out of the bath, carefully dried it, placed it stomach upwards upon his table, which he had previously covered with brown paper for the purpose, and then, taking up his sharpest knife, began his operations.

The skin of the crocodile's stomach was now pretty soft and flexible: it had apparently never been touched with the knife, and Frank made a long incision from the chest to near the tail. Then taking back the skin on either side, he prepared to remove what remained of the long-mummified interior.

As he cut and scraped hither and thither, his knife came twice or thrice in contact with pieces of gravel. Two pebbles were found and put aside, and again the knife-edge struck something hard.

"Hang these pebbles!" exclaimed the operator; "they'll ruin my knife. What the dickens do these creatures want to turn their intestines into gravel-pits for, I wonder?"

His hand sought the offending stone, which was extracted and brought to the lamp-light. Now this pebble differed from its predecessors—differed so materially in shape and touch, that Frank held it closer to the light.

He stared hard at the stone, which, as it lay between his thumb and forefinger, looked not unlike a symmetrical piece of clear gum-arabic, and then, giving vent to a prolonged whistle, he exclaimed, in a tone of suppressed excitement, "Can it be possible! A fifty-carat stone! Worth hundreds, or I'm a Dutchman."

He sat down, pushed the crocodile farther from him, brought the lamp nearer, turned up to wick a little, and then placing the diamond—for diamond it was—on the table between him and

the lamp, proceeded to take a careful survey of it, turning it over now and again. The stone resembled in its shape almost exactly that well known candy confection, the snow ball. It was of a clear, white color, and when cut would, as Frank Farnborough very well knew, turn out a perfect brilliant of fine water. There was no trace of off color about it, and it was apparently flawless and perfect.

South African diamond experts can tell almost with certainty from what mine a particular stone has been produced, and it seemed to Frank that the matchless octahedron in front of him resembled in character the finest stones of the Vaal River diggings—from which the choicest gems of Africa have come.

Many thoughts ran through the young man's brain. Here in front of him, in the compass of a small walnut, lay wealth to the extent of some thousands of dollars.

Where did that stone come from? Did the crocodile swallow it with the other pebbles on the Mahalapsi river, or the banks of the adjacent Limpopo? Why, there might be—nay, probably was—another mine lying dormant up there—a mine of fabulous wealth. Why should he not be its discoverer, and become a millionaire?

As these thoughts flashed through his brain, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a merry feminine voice exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Farnborough, what have you got there?"

Frank seized the diamond, sprang up with flushed face and excited eyes, and was confronted with Nina and her brother, both regarding him very curiously.

Otto Staarbrucker spoke first. "Hullo, Frank! You seem to be mightily engrossed. What's your wonderful discovery?"

The young man looked keenly from one to another of his interrogators, hesitated momentarily, then made up his mind and answered frankly, but in a low, intense voice.

"My wonderful discovery is this. Inside that dried-up crocodile I've found a big diamond. It's worth hundreds anyhow, and there must be more where it came from. Look at it, but above all [illegible]"

Staarbrucker took the stone from Frank, held it upon his big fat white palm, and bent down to the lamp-light. Nina's pretty dark head bent down too, so that her straying hair touched her brother's, as they gazed earnestly at the mysterious gem.

Presently Otto took the stone in his fingers, held it to the light, weighed it carefully, and then said solemnly and sententiously, "Worth four thousand dollars, if it's worth a red cent."

Nina broke in, "My goodness, Frank—Mr. Farnborough—where did you get the stone from, and what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, Miss Nina," returned Frank, looking pleasantly at the girl's handsome, excited face, "I hardly know how to answer you at present. That crocodile came from up country, and I suppose the diamond came from the same locality. It's all tumbled so suddenly upon me, that I hardly know what to say or what to think. The best plan, I take it, is to have a good night's sleep on it; then I'll make up my mind in the morning, and have a long talk with your brother and you. Meanwhile, I know I can trust to you and Otto to keep the strictest silence about the matter. If it got known in Kimberley, I should be pestered to death, and perhaps have the detectives down upon me into the bargain."

"That's all right, Frank, my boy," broke in Staarbrucker, in his big Teutonic voice; "we'll take care of that. Nina's the safest girl in Kimberley, and this is much too important a business to be ruined in that way. Why, there may be a fortune for us all, where that stone came from, who knows?"

Already Otto Staarbrucker spoke as if he claimed an interest in the find; and although there was not much in the speech, yet Frank inly resented the patronizing tone in which it was delivered.

"Well, I've pretty carefully prospected the interior of this animal," said Frank, showing the now perfectly clean mummy. "He's been a good friend to me, and I'll put him away, and we'll have a smoke."

For another two hours, the three sat together on the stoop at the back of the house, discussing the situation. Staarbrucker flashed his hardest to discover the exact whereabouts of the place from whence the crocodile had come.

Frank fenced with his palpably leading questions, and put him off laughingly with, "You shall know all about it in good time. For the present you may take it the beast came from his natural home somewhere up the Crocodile River."

Presently the sitting broke up, and they retired to their respective rooms. Nina's handshake, as she said good night to Frank, was particularly friendly, and Frank himself thought he had never seen the girl look more bewitching.

"Pleasant dreams," she said, as she turned away; "I'm so glad of your luck. I suppose to night you'll be filling your pockets with glorious gems in some fresh Tom Tiddler's ground. Mind you put your diamond under your pillow and lock your door. Good-night."

Otto Staarbrucker went to his bedroom too, but not for some hours to sleep. He had too much upon his mind. Business had been very bad of late. The Du Toit's Pan mine had been shut down, and had still further depressed trade at his end of the town, and, to crown all, he had been gambling in Rand mines, and had lost heavily.

Otto's once flourishing business was vanishing into thin air, and it was a question whether he should not immediately cut his losses and get out of Kimberley with what few hundreds he could scrape together, before all had gone to ruin.

This diamond discovery of Frank Farnborough's somehow strongly appealed to his imagination. Where that magnificent stone came from, there must be others—probably quantities of them. It would certainly be worth risking two or three hundred in exploration.

Frank was a free, open hearted fellow enough, and although not easily to be driven, would no doubt welcome his offer to find money for prospecting thoroughly upon half profits, or some such bargain.

It must be done: there seemed no other reasonable way out of the tangle of difficulties that beset him. He would speak to Frank about it in the morning. Comforted with this reflection, he fell asleep.

* * * * * *

They breakfasted betimes at the Staarbruckers, and after the meal, Nina having gone into the garden, Otto proceeded to open his proposal to the young Englishman who had stayed this morning to breakfast. He hinted first that there might be serious difficulty in disposing of so valuable a diamond, and, indeed, as Frank already recognized, that was true enough.

The proper course would be to "declare" the stone to the authorities; but would they accept his story—wildly improbable as it appeared on the face of it?

No one elsewhere can realize the thick and poisonous atmosphere of suspicion and distrust in which the immense diamond industry of Kimberley is enwrapped.

Its miasma penetrates everywhere, and protected as is the industry by the most severe and brutal—nay, even degrading—laws and restrictions, which an all-powerful "ring," can impose, no man is absolutely safe from it.

And even Frank, an employee of a great company, a servant of proved integrity and some service, might well hesitate before exposing himself to the tremendous difficulty of proving a strong and valid title to the stone in his possession.

"Well, Frank," said Staarbrucker, "have you made up your mind about your diamond? What are you going to do with it?"

"I don't quite know yet," answered Frank, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "It's a deuced difficult puzzle, and I haven't hit on a solution. What do you advise?" Here was Otto's opening.

"Well, my boy," he answered, "I've thought a good deal over the matter, and in my opinion, you'd better keep your discovery to ourselves at present. Now I'm prepared to make you an offer. I'll find the expenses of a prospecting trip to the place where your crocodile came from, and take a competent miner up with us—I know several good men to choose from—on the condition that, in the event of our finding more stones, or a mine, I am to stand in halves with you. I suppose such a trip would cost considerable money. It's a sporting offer; what do you say to it?"

"No, I don't think I'll close at present," returned Frank; "I'll take another few hours to think it over. Perhaps I'll mention the matter to an old friend of mine, and take his advice."

Staarbrucker broke in with some heat: "If you're going to tell all your friends, you may as well give the show away at once. The thing will be all over town, and I wash my hands clear of it. Let me tell you, you're doing a most imprudent thing."

"Really," said Frank coolly enough, "the stone is mine at present, and I take the risk of holding it. I haven't asked you to run yourself into any trouble on my account."

"No," returned the other, "but you are under my roof, and if it became known that I and my sister knew of this find, and its concealment, we should be practically in the same hole as yourself. Now, my dear boy, take my advice, keep your discovery to yourself till we meet this evening, and let us settle to run this show together. You won't get a better offer, I'm sure of it."

"Understand; I promise nothing," said Frank, who scarcely relished Staarbrucker's persistency. "I'll see you again to-night."

After dinner that evening, the two men met again. Frank reopened the topic, which had meantime been engrossing Staarbrucker's thoughts to the exclusion of all else.

Frank at once declared his intention of going to see the manager next day, to tell him of the find and take his advice.

Otto Staarbrucker made a gesture of intense annoyance. "You are never going to play such an infernal fool's game as that, surely?" he burst out. "I've made you a liberal offer to prospect thoroughly at my own expense, the place where that stone came from, on half shares. If you accept my offer, well and good. If you don't, I shall simply tell your little story to the detective department, and see what they think of it. Think it well over. I'll come and see you to-morrow morning, early."

He turned on his heel, and went out of the house.

Frank had felt a little uncomfortable during Otto's speech, but now he was angry—so indignant at the turn affairs had taken, and at the threat, idle though it was, held out to him, that he determined next day to quit the house and have done with the man altogether. He had never liked him.

True, there was Nina. Nina—so utterly different from her brother. He should be sorry indeed to leave her. She had a very warm corner in her heart. He would miss the pleasant evenings spent in her company.

What should he do without her merry companionship, her kindly, unselfish ways, the near presence of her bewitching face, and her evident preference for his company? At that moment Nina entered the room. Frank looked, as he felt, embarrassed, and the girl saw it at once.

"What's the matter, Mr. Farnborough? You ought to look happy with that eight hundred pound diamond of yours; yet you don't. Aren't things going as you like, or what is it?"

"No," answered Frank, reddening, "things are not going quite right. Your brother has made me a proposition, which I don't see in his light, and we've rather fallen out about it. However, my tiff with Otto need make no difference between you and me. We haven't quarrelled, and I hope you won't let our old friendship be broken on that account."

"Indeed, no," returned Nina, "why should it? But I shall see Otto and talk to him; I can't have you two falling out about a wretched diamond, even although it is a big one.

"Since you came here, things have been so much pleasanter, and"——the girl paused, and a flush came to her face, "well, we can't afford to quarrel, can we? Friends—real friends, I mean—are none too plentiful in Kimberley."

Nina spoke with a good deal of embarrassement for her, and a good deal of feeling, and she looked so sweet, such an air of tenderness—not unusual to her—shone in her eyes, that Frank was visibly touched.

"Nina," he said, "I'm really sorry about this affair. Perhaps in the morning it may blow over. I hope so. I have had something on my mind lately, which perhaps you can guess at, but which I won't enter upon just now. Meanwhile don't say anything to your brother about this row. Let us see what happens to-morrow. I don't want to quarrel with any one belonging to you."

Early next morning, while Frank sat up in bed sipping his coffee and smoking a cigarette, the door opened, and Otto Staarbrucker entered the room. He had been thinking over matters a good deal during the night, and had made up his mind that somehow he and Frank must pull together over this diamond deal. His big, florid face was a trifle solemn, and he spoke quietly for him. But he found Frank as firm as ever, against his utmost entreaties.

"I've thought it all out," Frank said; "I don't like your plan, and I mean to show our manager the stone to-day, and tell him all about it. I think it will be best in the long-run." He spoke quietly, but with a mind obviously quite made up.

The blood ran to Otto's head again; all his evil passions were getting the upper hand. "Frank, take care," he said. "You are in a dangerous position about this diamond. I don't think you realise it. Once more I warn you; don't play the fool. Make up your mind to come in with me and we'll make our fortune over it."

Frank began to get angry too. "It's no use harping on that string further. I'm not coming in with you under any circumstances, and you may as well clearly understand it, and take no for an answer." Then, half throwing off the light bed clothing, "I must get up and have breakfast."

Otto glared at him for a second or two before he spoke. "For the last time I ask you, are you coming in with me?"

There was clear threat in the deliberation of his tones, and Frank grew mad under it.

"Oh, go to the deuce," he burst out, "I've had enough of this. Clear out of it; I want to get up."

Otto stepped to the door. "I'm going now to the detective office; you'll find you've made a big mistake over this. I'll ruin you, you stuck-up English pup!"

His face was red with passion; he flung open the door, slammed it after him and went out into the street.

Frank heard him go. "All idle bluff," he said to himself. "The scoundrel! He must have taken me for an idiot, I think. I've had enough of this, and shall clear out, bag and baggage, to-day. Thing are getting too unpleasant."

He jumped up, poured the water into his bath, and began his ablutions.

Meanwhile, Otto Staarbrucker, raging with anger and malice, was striding along the shady side of the street, straight for the chief detective's house. It was not long before he had reached the detective's house, and announced himself.

Carefully subduing, as far as possible, the outward manifestation of his malicious wrath, he informed the acute official, to whom he was, at his own request, shown, that his lodger, Mr. Farnborough, was in possession of a valuable unregistered diamond, which he stated he had found in a stuffed crocodile's interior, or some equally improbable place.

That to his own knowledge the stone had been unregistered for some days, although he had repeatedly urged Farnborough to declare it; that the whole surroundings of the case were, in his mind, very suspicious; and, finally, that as he could not take the responsibility of such a position of affairs under his roof, he had come down to report the matter.

The detective pricked up his ears at the story, reflected for a few moments, and then said: "I suppose there is no mistake about this business, Mr. Staarbrucker. It's, as you know, a very serious matter, and may mean the 'Breakwater.' Mr. Farnborough has a good position in De Beers, and some strong friends, and it seems rather incredible (although we're never surprised at anything, where diamonds are in question) that he should have got himself into such a mess as you tell me."

"I am quite certain of what I tell you," replied Staarbrucker. "If you go up to my house now, you'll find Farnborough in his bedroom, and the stone's somewhere on him, or in his room. Don't lose time."

"Well," responded the detective, "I'll see to the matter at once. So long, Mr. Staarbrucker."

Mr. Fleckne, the shrewdest and most active diamond official in Kimberley, as was his wont, lost not an instant. He nosed the tainted gale of a quarry. In this case he was a little uncertain, it is true; but yet there was the tell-tale taint,

the true diamond taint, and it must at once be followed.

Mr. Flecknoe ran very much upon a trail, and in a few minutes he was at Staarbrucker's bungalow. Staarbrucker himself had, wisely perhaps, gone down to his store, there to await events.

Vitriolic anger still ran hotly within him. He cared for nothing in the world, and was perfectly reckless, provided only that Frank Farnborough were involved in ruin, complete and utter.

Mr. Flecknoe knocked, as a matter of form, in a pleasant, friendly way at the open door of the cottage, and then walked straight in. He seemed to know his way very completely—there were few things in Kimberley that he did not know—and he went straight to Frank's bedroom, knocked again and entered. Frank was by this time out of his bath, and in the act of shaving.

I cannot be denied that the detective's appearance, as soon after Staarbrucker's threat, rather staggered him and he paled perceptibly. The meshes of the I.D.B, the illicit diamond buying nets, are terribly entangling, as Frank knew only too well, and I.D.B. laws are no matters for light jesting. Mr. Flecknoe noted the change of color.

"Well, Mr. Flecknoe," said the younger man, as cheerily as he could muster, for he knew the detective very well, "what can I do for you?"

"I've come about the diamond, Mr. Farnborough; I suppose you can show title to it?"

"No, I can't show a title," replied Frank. "It came into my possession in a very astounding way a day or two since, and I was going to tell the manager all about it to-day and 'declare' the stone."

Frank then proceeded to tell the detective shortly the whole story, and finally, the scene with Staarbrucker that morning.

Flecknoe listened patiently enough, and at the end said quietly: "I amafraid, Mr. Farnborough, you have been a little rash. I shall have to ask you to come down to the office with me and explain further. Have you the stone?"

"Yes, here's the stone," replied Frank, producing the diamond from a little bag from under the pillow, and exhibiting it on his palm. "I won't hand it over to you at this moment, but I'll willingly do so at the office in the presence of third parties. Just let me finish shaving, and I'll come along."

"Very well," said Mr. Flecknoe, rather grimly, taking a chair. "I'll wait."

That evening, some astonishing rumors concerning a De Beer's official were about in Kimberley. Farnborough's absence from his usual place at the Central was noticed significantly, and next morning the whole camp was made aware, by the daily paper, of some startling occurrences.

Two days later it became known that Frank Farnborough had been sent for trial on a charge of I. D. B.; that his friend Staarbrucker had, with manifest reluctance, given important and telling evidence against him; that bail had been, for the present, refused, and that the unfortunate young man, but twenty-four hours since a universal Kimberley favorite, well known at football, and other diversions, now lay in prison in imminent peril of some years' penal servitude at Capetown Breakwater.

The camp shook its head, said to itself "Another good man gone wrong," instanced, conversationally over the bars of the Transvaal, Central, and other resorts, the cases of many promising young men who had gone under, victims of the poisonous fascination of the diamond, and went about its business.

But there was a certain small leaven of real friends, who refused utterly to believe in Frank's guilt. These busied themselves unwearidly in organizing his defence, cabling to friends abroad, collecting evidence, and doing all in their power to bring their favorite through one of the heaviest ordeals that a man may be confronted with.

The morning of the trial came at last. The season was now South African midwinter; there was a clear blue sky over Kimberley, and the air was crisp, keen, and sparkling under the brilliant sunlight.

The two judges and resident magistrate came into court, alert and sharp-set, and proceedings began. Frank was brought in for trial, looking white and harassed, yet determined.

As he came into court, and faced the crowded gathering of advocates, solicitors, witnesses, and spectators—for this was a celebrated case in Kimberley—he was encouraged to see here and there, the cheering nod and smile, and even the subdued wave of the hand, of many sympathizing friends, black though the case looked against him.

And he was fired, too, by the flame of indignation as he saw before him the big, florid face—now a trifle more florid even than usual from suppressed excitement—and the shining, up-turned eyeglasses of his arch enemy and lying betrayer, Otto Staarbrucker.

Nina was not in the assembly; she, at least, had no part or lot in this shameful scene. And yet, after what had passed, could Nina be trusted? Nina, with all her friendliness, her even tenderer feelings, was but the sister of Otto Staarbrucker.

Her conduct ever since Frank's committal had been enigmatical; her brother, it was to be supposed, had guarded her safely, and, although she had been subpœnaed upon Frank's behalf, she had vouchsafed no evidence, nor given a sign of interest in her former friend's fate.

Counsel for the prosecution opened the case in his gravest and most impressive manner. The offence, for which the prisoner was to be tried was, he said, although unhappily but too familiar to Kimberley people, one of the gravest in the Colony.

One feature of this unhappy case was the position of the prisoner, who, up to the time of the alleged offence, had been an unimpeachable character, and had been well known as one of the most popular young men in Kimberley.

Possibly, this very popularity had furnished the reason for the crime, the cause of the downfall. Popularity, as most men know, was, in Kimberley, an expensive luxury, and it would be shown that for some time past, Farnborough had moved and lived in a somewhat extravagant set. The learned counsel then proceeded to unfold with great skill the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Staarbrucker, an old friend of the prisoner, and a gentleman of absolutely unimpeachable testimony, would, with the greatest reluctance, prove that he had by chance found Farnborough in possession of a large and valuable stone, which the prisoner—apparently surprised in the act of admiring—had alleged, in a confused way, to have been found—in what?—in the interior of a dried crocodile!

One of the most painful features of this case would be the evidence of Miss Staarbrucker, who, though with even more reluctance than her brother, would corroborate in every detail the surprising of the prisoner in possession of the stolen diamond.

He approached this part of the evidence with extreme delicacy, but in the interest of justice, it would be necessary to show that a friendship of the closest possible nature, to put it in no tenderer light, had latterly sprung into existence between the prisoner and the young lady in question.

Clearly then, no evidence could well be stronger than the evidence wrung from Miss Staarbrucker with the greatest reluctance and the deepest pain, as to the finding of Farnborough in possession of the diamond, and of the lame and utterly incredible tale invented by him on the spur of the moment, when thus surprised by the brother and sister.

The evidence of Mr. and Miss Staarbrucker would be closely supported by that of Mr. Flecknoe, the well known Kimberley detective, who had made the arrest.

Mr. Staarbrucker, it would be shown, had urged upon the prisoner for two entire days the absolute necessity of giving up and declaring the stone. Finally, certain grave suspicions had, chiefly from the demeanor of Farnborough, forced themselves into his mind.

One more interview he had with the prisoner, and then, upon his again declining to take the only safe and proper course open to him, Mr. Staarbrucker had, for his own protection, proceeded to the detective department, and himself informed the authorities of the presence of the stone.

No man could have done more for his friend. He had risked his own and his sister's safety for two days—he could do no more. The prisoner's statement to the Staarbruckers and to Mr. Flecknoe was that the crocodile skin came from the distant Mahalapsi River, and that the stone must have been picked up and swallowed by the living reptile somewhere in those regions. He, counsel, need hardly dwell upon the wildness, the ludicrous impossibility of such a theory.

Three witnesses of the highest credibility and reputation, well known in Kimberley, and in the markets of London and Amsterdam, as experts in diamonds, would declare upon oath that the so called Mahalapsi diamond—the learned counsel rolled out the phrase with a fine flavor of humorous disdain—came, not from the far-off river, but from the recesses of the De Beer's mine—from Kimberley itself.

Here there was a visible sensation (that mysterious compound of shifting, whispering, and restless movement) in court. "Yes," continued the advocate, "the stone is beyond all shadow of a doubt a De Beer's stone. It is not registered. The prisoner has no title to it; the diamond is a stolen diamond; and if, as I have a little doubt, I shall succeed in proving my facts to you clearly and incontestably, the prisoner must take the consequences of his guilt. If indeed he be guilty, then let justice, strict but not vindictive justice, be done. Kimberley, in spite of the severest penalties, the most deterrent legislation, is still eaten up and honeycombed by the vile, illicit traffic in stolen diamonds."

The advocate warmed to his peroration, and, as he was a holder of De Beer's shares, he naturally felt what he said. The court was already becoming warm. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. It is hot work delivering an important speech in South Africa.

"In the name of justice, I say," he continued, striking the desk with his clenched fist, "let us have done with this vile and monstrous traffic, that renders our city—the foremost city in South Africa—a byword and a laughing-stock among the nations."

[CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT]

SOMETHING HE FORGOT.—When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door, and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table, he commenced his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bath-room windows. The parlor fire has coal on.

"I put the cake-box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I posted your letter as soon as I got to town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair-backs. I want a new laid egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas tap, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquaked by the query from Mrs. Jenkins: "Why didn't you take off your hat?"

WHICH SHOULD WE BELIEVE?—The man who sets out to regulate his life by well established proverbs will find himself in a quandary when he considers that many of them have their "opposites."

Here are some instances:

Proverb: Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Opposite: Happy is the wooing that's not long a doing.

Proverb: Out of sight, out of mind.

Opposite: Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Proverb: A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Opposite: A sitting hen gathers no feathers.

Proverb: A stitch in time saves nine.

Opposite: It's never too late to mend.

Proverb: There's honor among thieves.

Opposite: Set a thief to catch a thief.

Proverb: Discretion is the better part of valor.

Opposite: Nothing venture, nothing have.

INCESSANT and minute change is one of the conditions of life; but great and sudden change is disease, and no change at all is incipient death.

Bric-a-Brac.

DOGS.—When a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors who were disturbed. The dog is killed. Perhaps this accounts for the superstition that when a dog howls at night a death will shortly occur.

THE WEST END.—There is one good explanation of the fact that great cities almost invariably grow towards the west. As regards Europe, the prevailing winds are from the west and southwest, so that these portions of the towns are brighter, cleaner, and healthier than the eastern.

CHINESE OTTERS.—The Chinese have completely domesticated the otter. In that country every fisherman has his staff of fishing otters and cormorants. These otters are trained to hunt in company, to attack, pursue, and seize the fish. Travelers who have fished in China state that they have seen good well-trained otters currently sold for $400 each.

THE LONGEST BRIDGE.—The longest bridge in the world is said to be a stone structure, that spans, in China, an inlet of the Yellow Sea. Its length, as claimed, is five and a quarter miles. The number of piers in the structure is three hundred; each of these is ornamented with a marble lion three times life size. The top of the roadway is sixty-four feet above mean low-water level. The bridge is about eight hundred years old.

LANGUAGE.—The Cingalese have twelve words for lady, according to the rank and position of the person they wish to designate. They have also eight different modes of saying "thou" and "you," as determined by the social position of the person addressed. In Siam there are eight different ways of saying "I" and "we," influenced by the circumstances of the master addressing the servant, or the servant the master. The names of the commonest things among certain savages are modified by the sex of the person speaking. So that the female would employ a different word or different form thereof from the male in speaking of "men," "moon," "sun," "law." The Hurons use a different word for an animate and inanimate thing. If they spoke of "seeing a stone," and of "seeing a man," the word for "seeing" in the two sentences would be different.

GEMS SUFFER.—Gems have diseases, just as men and women have, with this difference, that the infirmities of precious stones can rarely be cured. Some gems deteriorate—grow old, in other words—and gradually become lifeless. Pearls are most subject to this fate, and no means have been found to restore them to life. Among the infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones—that of fading or losing color when long exposed to light. The emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colored gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby which had lain for two years in a shop window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which had been kept in the darkness.

MOURNING COLORS.—In Italy women grieve in white garments and men in brown. In China white is worn by both sexes. In Turkey, Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia celestial blue is the tint chosen. In Egypt yellowish-brown, the hue of the dead leaf, is deemed proper; and in Ethiopia where men are black, gray is the emblem of mourning. All of these colors are symbols. White symbolizes purity, an attribute of the dead; the celestial blue that place of rest where happy souls are at peace, the yellow, or dead leaf tells that the death is the end of all human hope, and that man falls as the autumn leaf; and gray whispers of the earth to which all return. The Syrians considered mourning for the dead an effeminate practice, and so, when they grieved, they put on women's clothes as a symbol of weakness, and as a shame to them for a lack of manliness. The Thracians made a feast when one of their loved ones died, and every method of joy and delight was employed. This meant then that the dead had passed from a state of misery to one of felicity. Black was introduced as mourning by the queen of Charles VIII. Before that the French queens wore white mourning, and were known as white queens.

AS STRANGERS MEET.

BY H. W. C.

Was it a dream? Oh, summer skies
Smile softly down on us once more!
And dusky nightingale so sweet,
Your silvery benedictions pour!
Oh, reapers, swing your blades again
In harvest fields of burnished gold,
And wood-dove, sing your tender strain
As once you sang in days of old!

For then we met as lovers meet—
As happy lovers, fond and true.
The brooklet sang a love-song sweet,
The skies had donned their brightest hue
And as we traced on love's fair page
The vows that echoed in each heart,
We little dreamed the time would come
When we should drift so far apart.

But, ah! the flowers can never blooom
For us as in those rapturous days,
For now we meet as strangers meet,
With cold, estranged, averted gaze.
The ashes of our perished love,
From which the smouldering fire has fled,
Lie scattered by the winds of heaven—
Sole memory of the hopes now dead.

Ah, well! The golden dream has fled!
The blue has faded from our sky;
The ashes of our love lie dead,
And we are strangers, you and I.
No more beneath the skies of June,
No more amid the summer flowers
Can we reclasp the broken links
Of that fond, fated love of ours.

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

MORGAN THORPE, coming in, found her crouching over the fire, and wiping her lips, her arms, which his lips had touched, with her handkerchief as if to free them from some stain.

"Bah!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of loathing. "Why did you not come in sooner and save me from that—that savage?"

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Has Trevor——?"

"Yes!" she said, between her teeth. "He has been making love—has asked me to be his wife!" she gave a low laugh of derision "and insisted upon an answer!"

"And what did you say?" he asked.

She laughed again.

"Yes!"

He started.

"In mercy's name! Couldn't you have——"

"No, I couldn't!" she broke in, with something like a snarl. She did not look very beautiful at that moment. "I couldn't put him off. I was—yes—afraid. He behaved like a madman. Look at my hair! I hate all men—you are all brutes!"

Morgan Thorpe watched her with a cunning intentness.

"This is indeed serious!" he said again. "Look here, Laura, this chap isn't like most of the others—he's a nasty one to tackle. We shall have to make a bolt for it."

She shrugged her white shoulders indifferently.

"Yes; we must fold up our tents, like the Arabs, and silently steal away," he said. "It's lucky he didn't break out before."

"Yes; I suppose you've plucked him pretty well by this time?" she said, callousely.

Morgan Thorpe nodded, quite as callousely.

"Pretty near," he assented. "And, come to think of it, it's as well that we should make a move. The other boy has grown shy, and there's no more to be made out of him."

She yawned with profound indifference.

"He's not so bad as the others," she said. "He's only a fool—Trevor is a brute and a savage as well."

"All the more reason for giving him the slip," said Morgan Thorpe. "We could clear out in a few days. By a stroke of luck I have not paid the last quarter's rent."

He poured out some wine and took it to her, and she drank it at a draught, and he followed her example. "I'm not so sure that the other boy, Deane, is quite exhausted," he said, musingly.

"He took up his I O U's to-night, and he is good for another hundred or two. Look here, Laura, here's an idea!" He came over to the fire, and leant against the mantelpiece, looking down at her.

"He won't play any more, I'm certain of that; but couldn't we run a grand coup? How would it be if you were to work him for a biggish sum, say a couple of hundred pounds?"

She yawned.

"How?"

"It's easy enough; you can do anything with him.

"I'm not so sure," she said, reflectively. "He's not such a fool as you think him, and I fancy he is getting a trifle suspicious. I saw him looking at me curiously when I was making the sign behind Trevor to-night."

"Oh! Thenit's time we wound up these operations. But, look here, I'll show you the way to draw that couple of hundred, my dear girl. You go to his rooms one night; Woman in great distress; tearful make-up, with dark rings round the eyes. You've come to him—risking compromising yourself, and all that—because you are in great trouble. Threatened with ruin unless you can obtain a couple of hundred pounds.

"Have come to him because he is the closest, truest friend you have. See! He can save you by just putting his hand to a little bill. You may not want to use it; will in all probability return it to him in the morning; but, in any case, it will save you from ruin and despair. See?"

He rolled off the nefarious scheme fluently, and she listened, with her head on one side, her eyes fixed on the fire. Then she laughed.

"I daresay I could manage that," she said.

"Of course," he said, with a laugh. "The boy's in love with you. You take him unawares, give him no time to think; you can promise him anything—seeing that we can start in the morning."

She yawned. There was no compunction in her nature, no sense of shame. She had been an adventuress all her life, and a successful one simply because of that absence of compunction and shame.

"Very well," she said. "Oh, yes; I can do it easily enough. But mind, I take that two hundred, Morgan!"

His face fell.

"My dear Laura! Think of my expenses!"

She looked at him with a glint of anger in her eyes.

"I take that two hundred," she repeated, emphatically. "You have plenty of money; I know that, and I've wondered sometimes where you get it. You have had more than you got from Trevor and Deane."

He changed color; and she laughed contemptuously. "Don't trouble to lie," she said coolly; "I shouldn't believe you. And I don't care how I get it. All I know is that I mean to have this haul. And do you know how I am going to spend it?"

"Another diamond bracelet? My dear, you might get it on credit——"

"No, I'm going to spend it on detectives. I am going to find out that husband of mine."

Mr. Morgan Thorpe smiled a sickly smile.

"My dear Laura, you know best; but is it worth while?"

"Yes!" she said with sudden fury. "I mean to find him. You've tried—or pretended to—and have failed. I'm going to try and I mean to succeed!"

"My dear, why be angry with me? I hope you will succeed; though why you should want him, seeing that you hate him like poison——"

"Yes; you're right. I hate him like poison; and that's why I want him!" She rose and stood looking before her with eyes which blazed with a malignant fire; her lips were parted showing her white, even teeth; her powder showed almost yellow against her white face; her small hands were clenched tightly at her side.

Morgan Thorpe looked at her with a mixture of fear and admiration.

"Upon my word, Laura, I don't envy him it you do find him," he said, with an uneasy laugh.

She drew a long breath.

"You'd have no cause to!" she said, significantly, as she moved towards the door. "Tell me when you want me to get that money. Good night."

The next morning Mr. Morgan Thorpe began his preparations for a sudden and secret flight. Such preparations with gentlemen of Mr. Morgan Thorpe's character are beautifully simple. They consist in getting as many articles on credit as confiding and trustful tradesmen will supply.

He bought a nice stock of clothes, some choice cigars, a few—but they were costly—articles of jewelry; he borrowed as many five-pound notes as he could from men with whom he had scraped acquaintance.

It was—"By Jove, I've left my purse at home! My dear fellow, will you lend me a few pounds for to-night?" And, at last, when the landlord of 31, Cardigan Terrace, wrote demanding the rent by return of post, Mr. Morgan Thorpe informed his sister that everything was ready for the exodus, and that she might bring off her grand coup against that young fool, Deane.

She went up to her room after dinner, and locked the door, and in about an hour she came down and presented herself for approval, as it were.

Morgan Thorpe looked at her as she stood before him, and uttered an exclamation of admiration. She was pale, there were dark rings round her eyes; but her expression was the highest achievement. She looked hunted, harassed, full of despair.

"By gracious! you ought to have gone on the stage, Laura!" he said, fervently. "You ought indeed! Why, you'd melt a heart of stone with that face and that look! Really, I think I should try for three instead of two hundred!"

She laughed, the heartless, callous laugh of the adventuress.

"Too high a sum would frighten my boy," she said. "Call a cab for me, Morgan. Here—give me a glass of champagne before I go."

He gave it her, still eyeing her with admiration.

"Perfect actress!" he murmured, ecstatically.

She laughed, and nodded, exultingly.

"Oh! I shall play the part all right. It's easy enough with such an innocent child as he is!"

"If Trevor comes, I'll have him told that you're in bed with a headache."

She arrested the second glass on its way to her lips, and exclaimed—

"Thank heaven, I shall escape from him! He was here yesterday, and—well, that was a hard part to play. It was as much as I could do to keep from screaming out, 'I hate you—hate you! Take your hands off me!'"

Morgan Thorpe laughed.

"By this time to-morrow you will have put a good many miles between you and that too ardent lover of yours, my dear," he said.

He called a cab, and, closely veiled, she entered and was driven off.

As she passed from the house to the cab, Trevor came round the corner. He saw her, and recognized her, and he stood still for a moment with astonishment. Then he went on to the house and knocked.

"Is Mrs. Dalton at home?" he asked as coolly as he could.

"Yes, sir," replied the French maid blandly. "But madame is confined to her room with a bad headache."

She saw him wince and start, saw the blood leave his face slowly.

"I'm sorry," he said curtly. "Tell her—But never mind. Good-night, Marie."

He went down the steps, and walked a few paces. Then he ran. The cab was still in sight. At the end of the street he hailed and jumped into a hansom.

"Follow that cab!" he said. "Keep out of sight if you can. Follow it, and mind you don't lose sight of it!"

He crushed an oath between his teeth.

* * * * * *

Gaunt stood with his back to the door, which he had closed on Decima, and waited. He heard the frou-frou of a woman's dress, the other door opened, there came a faint perfume which he remembered so well—and loathed so bitter,y—and the woman, his wife, entered.

The lamp was low, and shaded by a deep crimson shade; the firelight flickered. In the faint light she did not in the first moment or two of her entrance see him.

She moved to the fire, carefully threw back the hood of her fur cape, and held out her hands to the fire; and he, motionless and in silence, watched her.

He had once loved, or persuaded himself that he had loved this woman. He could have laughed aloud with bitter self-scorn and mockery.

She warmed her hands daintily, glanced at the clock, yawned, put up her hands to smooth the hair which the hood had ruffled, then turned and looked round the room, and saw him.

For a moment she did not recognize him, and uttered a faint cry of surprise. Then with a shriller, though strangely repressed cry, she moved towards him. She looked, as she moved, like an exquisitely beautiful snake. She was within a couple of paces before the words—

"It is you!" broke from her parted lips.

"Yes," he said. "Why are you here?"

She drew a long breath, as if she were choking; then she came nearer, and stared at him as she broke into a laugh—a laugh of triumph and derision.

"It is you?" she repeated. "You—my husband? Well—well! it's too good to be true! You—you here! How did you come? Why—?"

She looked round the room, as if amazed and perplexed, and then back at him. Her beautiful face flushed beneath the paint, her eyes shone like stars within the artistically-drawn shadows. It was the face of a mask suddenly, hideously, endued with life.

"This is my home—my rooms," he said.

His own voice seemed to him as if it belonged to someone speaking at a great distance.

"Your—your rooms?" she repeated, dully. Then her eyes glittered, and she laughed. "Your? Then—then—you are Lord Gaunt?"

"I am Lord Gaunt—yes," he said, as dully and mechanically as before.

She put her hand to her forehead, and then to her throat, as if the thoughts that were crowding on her were suffocating her.

"You are Lord Gaunt? These rooms are yours? You are a nobleman—a sweil—and my husband?"

"Yes," he said, in exactly the same lifeless tone; "I am your husband."

She leant against the back of a chair, and breathed heavily; then she laughed.

"I have found you—found you at last! And you are Lord Gaunt! And I am—yes, I must be, of course, Lady Gaunt! Lady Gaunt! My gracious! this was worth living for!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"IT is worth living for!" she repeated with a choking laugh. "To think of it!" She snatched up a book from the small table near her, and dashed her hand on the inside of the cover which bore his book-plate, with its coat-of-arms above his name and title.

"To think that I knew you were the owner here, that I've seen your name in all these books, and never knew, never guessed——!"

She paused, breathless with excitement and triumph. Her voice, usually so musical, was thick and vulgar; the vulgarity of a common nature was bursting through the very thin coating of veneer, and she was at that moment, for all her beauty and grace, a virago of the worst type as she confronted him.

Gaunt stood quite still, his eyes fixed on her with the calmness of despair, the impassivity of disgust.

"Why did you leave me?" she demanded stridently. "Why did you do it?"

"Can you ask?" he said, very quietly. "Do you think it was possible for me to remain with you when I discovered—what you were, what and who it was I had married?"

The reply infuriated her. She took a step towards him, and stared into his face with the passion of hate burning in her black eyes.

"You deserted me!"

"I left you, yes," he said, as calmly as before. "But deserted—in the strict, the legal, sense—no. I provided for you——"

"A beggarly allowance! You married me in a false name!"

"No," said he again, with a touch of weariness in his voice, "Edward Barnard are two of my names. I concealed my family name and title; yes, that is true. I must have had some presentiment of—what you were!"

She flung her arms out.

"The law will reach you, punish you!" she hissed.

He made a slight gesture of indifference.

"You cannot get rid of me," she exclaimed with an air of triumph. "You cannot divorce me—you would if you could!"

"No," he said in exactly the same tone. It was as if he were confronting her passion with the calmness of despair, the indifference of the rock to the howling wave which beats against it in vain. "Do what you will, I should not seek for a divorce. I am content to suffer anything rather than bring shame and disgrace upon the name I bear."

"You can bring no charge against me," she said defiantly.

He made a gesture of assent.

"I am glad," he said, with a sigh. "I left you because I discovered what you were before I married you—— Be silent a moment!" for she had opened her lips as if about to protest—retort.

"Put yourself in my place. I loved you, deeming you all that a girl should

le, all that a woman should be, who takes the name of an honest man. I found —— Ah! why should I tell you? You know!"

She flung herself into a chair, and, leaning her face on her hand, looked up at him with a mixture of defiance and hatred.

"What else could I do but leave you?" he said. "What other course was open to a man of honor, when he had discovered that he had married—an adventuress of the worst, the vilest, type. I loved you——"

She laughed, discordantly.

"Not you!" she retorted.

"Yes," he said, as calmly as before; "I loved you. Why else should I have married you? I should have loved you to the end, while life lasted, if I had not learnt what you had been. Even then, I would have fought against that terrible knowledge, and—and remained with you, if I had not learnt also that you were without a heart, that you had married me for a place in the world, for money——"

He paused, and looked gravely at her. All the while he had been talking to her, looking at her, he had been thinking of Decima; had been contrasting this woman, his wife, the adventuress, with her vile past, contrasting her with the pure-minded girl who had just left him.

It was as if an angel of light had flown from his side, and a fiend in woman's shape had taken her place. His heart felt numbed with the misery of despair, with the utter hopelessness of the situation.

It was as if he had been suddenly awakened from an exquisite dream of bliss to find that his hours were numbered, or, worse still, that the rest of his days were to be spent in a darkness and anguish beyond words to describe.

His hand touched the key of the door behind him, and, half mechanically, he locked it, and moved to the fireplace, and looked at her again.

"I am sorry that you have compelled me to say all this," he said, with a courtesy more galling than any vituperation, any reproach, would have been. "Will you tell me what, having found me, you intend to do? I suppose you and your brother have made some plans."

She raised her eyes suddenly.

"Did Morgan know who you were—that you lived here?" she demanded.

Gaunt looked faintly surprised.

"Yes," he said, quietly. "Was it not he who betrayed me? It would be like him, worthy of him. I did not bribe him heavily enough, I suppose."

"You—you bribed him? Then he knew all the time, and kept it from me! Kept it from me all the while he was pretending to look for you!"

"Yes," said Gaunt, indifferently; for what did it matter now? "I bribed him, as you put it. I paid him to keep the secret of my identity. He discovered it——"

She sprang to her feet.

"You are a pretty pair!" she exclaimed, with a hard laugh. "So, he has been taking money to—to help rob me of my rights! Oh, I'll be even with him!"

"I have no doubt you will," said Gaunt, wearily. "But may I ask you to answer my question? What do you intend to do?"

"What am I to do?" she said, mockingly, tauntingly. "Can you ask? I am going to have my right! I am going to live with you——"

He made a slight gesture of dissent.

"You cannot do that," he said gravely. "I could not live with you."

"You can't help it," she said jeeringly, "The law is on my side, and it shall help me. I'll go to law! I will go to a solicitor directly I leave here! He shall claim my right to have your name—my proper title—Lady Gaunt."

"I cannot withhold that from you," he said with perfect calm.

"No; and I mean to hold you, too!" she said defiantly, gloatingly. "Where a husband is, there a wife ought to be. You can't cast me off, and you shall not. I'll have my title, and—and half your money——"

"Ah, yes," he said, almost to himself.

"Yes; and I'll go into the world, the society my rank is entitled to; and I'll go as your wife—by your side. You shall take me and introduce me to all your relations and friends."

He smiled bitterly, coolly, and the smile seemed to madden her.

"You refuse!" she said.

"I refuse; yes," he said, grimly. "You may have all else you demand. The title, the money—far more than half of that which belongs to me—but no more. I could not face the world by your side——"

She laughed stridently.

"Could you not? We will see! The law will help me! I will avail myself of it, I will enter an action—compel you, yes, compel you, to acknowledge me, and live with me."

"You cannot," he said, as if he were stating a simple fact. "I leave England in a few hours; I shall be beyond the reach of even your malice!"

She sprang from the chair, upsetting it in her violence, and it fell against the small table, overturning it. It came to the ground with a crash, and the bric-a-brac was strewn upon the floor. As she rose to her feet she uttered a cry, a cry like that of a wild beast baulked of its revenge.

Gaunt looked at the overturned table and curios indifferently. A knock came to the door.

"Did you call, sir?" asked the maid outside.

"No," said Gaunt, and she went away.

"Take care!" said Laura, hoarsely, as she pushed the hair from her forehead! "You don't know what I can do! You talk of your name—the disgrace and shame! I can drag it in the dust for you, and I will, too! I'll tell the whole story! I'll fill the papers with 'Lord and Lady Gaunt's case;' I'll make you a laughing-stock throughout England!"

"Yes," he said with a terrible calmness. "You can do that; and I have no doubt you will. But you cannot compel me to live with you. And the world will understand why I do not."

Her face went white, and she ground her teeth.

"What do I care?" she said. "I shall have had my revenge. You won't be able to show yourself in England again; and—I shall live here; shall be Lady Gaunt, your wife, your ill-used wife——"

He smiled.

"Yes," he said. "Let that thought console you; let it content you. I shall say no word, utter no denial."

The calmness of his acquiescence startled her. She went closer to him and looked at him keenly.

"You are going away—out of England. Are you going alone, I wonder?"

For the first time his calmness broke down. It was as if she had found the chink in his armor through which she could thrust an envenomed dagger. She saw the change in his expression, and uttered a cry.

"Ah; you are not! There is some other woman!" she laughed, discordantly. "Don't deny it! I can see it in your face! So, that's it! I can understand now!"

She stood before him—her face flushed, her eyes glittering.

"What a fool I was not to have hit upon it before! There's another woman!"

He had regained his old calmness, and met her furious, taunting gaze with impassive sternness. No man could be more impassive, more stonelike, than Gaunt when he chose.

"You don't deny it!" she went on, scanning his face. "Ah, I know that look! There is someone else!"

She came and stood beside him, so close to him that the perfume he hated seemed to suffocate him. He caught his breath, but said not a word: and his silence increased her fury.

"You to talk of shame and disgrace!" she said. "You hypocrite! You—you liar! Shame and disgrace, indeed! Yes, you shall have them, and not you alone, but she, whoever she is! I'll find it all out! I'll have the best detectives money—your money—can buy, and I'll drag her through the Divorce Court."

He did not move a muscle, but stood regarding her with perfect calm.

"Who is she?" she demanded. "You may as well tell me. One of our great lady friends—a woman of rank or some common girl?" She paused for breath, and looked round the room.

As evil chance would have it, her eye fell upon Decima's veil. It had come unfastened from the side of her hat as Decima had entered, and she had taken it off and laid it on the top of a cabinet.

Laura sprang to it, and seizing it, held it out to him.

"Whose is this?" she demanded hoarsely. "Why, she's here now—this moment! In your rooms!"

She sprang to the door of the inner room, and tore at the handle. Then when she found it was locked, she turned upon him.

"She's here—in this room. Unlock that door! Unlock it! I'm your wife, and I order you——" her voice broke and failed chokingly. Gaunt watched her—or say rather, that his eyes were fixed on the veil.

Remember how he loved Decima, how devotedly he worshiped her innocence and purity. He pictured this fury dragging out the girl he loved, and covering her with vituperation and abuse; remember this, and bear with him, for he needs all your charity and clemency.

He sprang forward, and seizing her by the arm, flung her on to the couch.

"Silence!" he said, as he tore the veil from her fingers. "Silence, you—you desecrate——!" He thrust the veil in his breast, and stood over her, panting and struggling for the mastery of his passion.

"Do what you will," he said at last, when he had regained something like calm. "Do all you have threatened. But—but go now; leave me. It is not safe."

His voice rose at the last words; they could have been heard plainly by anyone who happened to be in the corridor.

She leant back, rubbing the arm he had gripped.

"Go! Go!" she retorted, defiantly, tauntingly. "No, I will not go! Why should I? This is your house, and I am your wife! My place is here! I shall not go! And you can't compel me! I am your wife, your wife! It's that other woman who is hiding here, the other——"

She uttered a word that cannot be written; and, as it struck his ears, Gaunt raised his hand as if to silence her mocking, taunting lips. Then the hand fell to his side, and he said, hoarsely—

"If you will not go, I will! Stay where you are! Do not attempt to follow me! I—I cannot answer for myself!"

He strode to the door, and unlocked it, and looked at her for a moment.

"Go!" she cried, with a strident laugh. "Go to her! I stay. This place is mine—mine. I am your wife! As for her—shame and disgrace. You shall have enough of it—both of you—and to spare. I'll——"

Gaunt took up his hat, passed into the inner room, locking the door as he did so. He looked round wildly. The room was empty. Decima was not there. His brain was in a whirl; he scarcely knew where he was, what he was doing. All his thoughts were of Decima; to get her out of the place, out of reach of the demon he had just left.

He looked round the room again. Her hat and jacket were not there. He went hurriedly into the next room—a bath and dressing room—she was not there, nor was there any trace of her.

The room adjoining was a kind of 'den,' in which he kept his guns and fishing tackle, a bachelor's litter-room. She was not there. He looked round, and drew a breath of relief. She must have gone.

It was just possible that she had not heard a word of what had passed between him and his wife. His wife!

He stood for a moment, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had been calm enough until the last moment or two; but now his heart was beating furiously, and he was all of a shake. But it was because he was thinking of Decima.

He saw now how mad—how bad—he had been. He had tempted her, persuaded her to fly with him; he had tempted her to her ruin. In a moment, overwhelmed by his passionate love, he had lured her to ruin. And she would have come to his lure. He saw now, as by a flash of lightning, how bad, how cruel, he had been.

But she had escaped. He had lost her for ever, should never see her again; but—no matter, she was saved. As for him—what did it matter what became of him?

He sank into a chair, his head bowed in his hands. A terrible blow had fallen upon him; but the hand of Providence which had dealt it had, at the same time, been stretched out to save her—his dear, sweet girl-love!

She had gone. She was safe at Lady Pauline's house, in Berkeley Square. Safe from him and his fatal love.

He was glad, and yet—and yet the thought that she was lost to him, that he should never hold her in his arms again, never, perhaps, see her again, filled him with anguish. He could have borne it all if he had not known that she loved him.

But he knew that she loved him. To hear her sweet confession of love ringing in his ears, to feel her kisses upon his lips! He was almost mad with longing, and with remorse.

He rose presently. It had seemed hours while he was sitting there; in reality it had only been minutes. He rose, and looked round with the numbed feeling of a man waking from chloroform.

From this room a door led directly on to the corridor. It was always kept locked, but the key was in its place. He went to turn it, but found the door unlocked. Then he understood; Decima had escaped—yes, that was the word, escaped! this way.

He drew the key from the lock sharply. It had been in its place so long that it stuck, and, as he jerked it violently, it cut his finger. He did not feel the cut, did not know that his finger was bleeding, until he saw a spot of blood on the waistband of his shirt.

With an impatient gesture, he put the key in his pocket, wiped his finger on his handkerchief, and passed into the corridor, locking the door behind him, and slipping the key in his pocket.

As he went down the corridor, he heard voices, and he saw the parlor maid leaning beside the elevator, talking to the porter within it.

She started guiltily at sight of him, and as the man touched his hat, the maid fled hastily.

Gaunt returned the salutation, and went quickly down the stairs.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE infuriated woman tore at the handle of the door for a moment, then she stopped. There had been something in Gaunt's face, in his eyes, which, it it did not exactly frighten her, warned her that it would not be safe to follow him.

She left the door, and paced up and down the room for a moment or two.

"Yes, I'll wait. I'll stay here. It's my proper place! I'm his wife. He shall find me here when he comes back—if he does come back; if he doesn't, I'll still stay here. I'll drag his name in the dirt; I'll——"

She sank on to the couch, and rocked herself to and fro. She was choking with passion. But, presently, the violence of the fit passed; and she rose and went to a mirror and looked at her face. She was burning hot; the perspiration had played havoc with her "make-up," and the powder and colors showed in streaks upon her face.

She wiped it with her face handkerchief, and smoothed her hair; then she looked round the room searchingly, went to the sideboard, and wrenching the door open, found what she was looking for.

She poured herself out a glass of brandy, and drank some of it eagerly, greedily; then she drew a long breath, and seating herself by the fire, bent forward, her chin resting in one hand, the glass held in the other.

She emptied the glass presently, then got up and refilled it, and drank again. The neat spirit soothed her, and after a minute or two, she raised her head, and looked round, and laughed to herself.

"Lady Gaunt!" she muttered. "That sounds nice. I'm a lady of rank!" She rose and took a Court Guide from the book shelf, found up the page, and read, aloud, the paragraph headed "Gaunt."

"He's all this, and I'm his wife!" she said to herself, gloating over the information, the history of the name, the description of Gaunt's residences.

"I'll have a good time! I'll enjoy myself with the best of them! And I'll have my revenge, too!" Her white, even teeth clenched together viciously. "I'll make him wish he'd never been born!" She looked over her shoulder, towards the door of the inner room, and shook the book at it threateningly. "And Morgan—I'll be even with him; I'll cast him off. Not one penny shall he have. I'll be even with him."

She rose and stretched her arms above her head, with a gesture of relief and satisfaction.

"To have done with the old life! To be respectable—someone a great lady! It sounds good—good—good!"

She laughed, and flung herself on the couch. The spirit she had taken, and the reaction after the excitement of her fury and passion, were having due effect upon her; and presently her eyes closed, though she was not asleep.

That Gaunt was in love with another woman, that she, Laura, suspected that other woman to be in the room, did not fill her with wifely indignation. She only saw in the fact a means of inflicting fresh misery and torture upon him. She could strike at him through this other woman: that was all she cared about.

Now, Trevor had dismissed his cab at the corner of the street in which the Mansions stood. He did not need to drive up to the door, for he knew where Laura was going. He got out, paid the cabman, and stood staring down the street at the spot where she had disappeared as she entered the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUTLIVED.

BY M. R.

Unmoved I hear the well-known name
That once my soul could thrill,
That once could light my face with flame,
My heart with rapture fill.
The ardent hopes of early years
That flushed my cheeks with red,
The doubts that filled mine eyes with tears,
Alike are cold and dead.

I meet the eyes unmoved whose gaze
Made mine eyes droop of yore.
The voice beloved in other days
Can charm mine ears no more.
And, though I know the footsteps, still
Their music's lost for aye;
No quickened pulse, no sudden thrill
Their coming greets to-day.

No anger now I feel, no pain,
No shadow of regret;
I would not live the past again,
Nor yet that past forget.
Our love, where memory's flowers bow
Sleeps in its winding-sheet;
Its life was brief and bitter—now
Its rest is calm and sweet!

Castle and Villa.

BY K. H. K.

BERTIE and I had been married only three months; I suppose "united" would be the fashionable word, but I assure you that we were, and are, a most united couple. I love my dear husband better than anybody in the wide world, and he is fond of his "little wife."

I am telling you this lest you might think it odd of Bertie to have left me without his protection in an old rambling country mansion.

He was obliged to do so, poor fellow; he had to hurry away on business to far away, and I should have only been in his way, so I agreed to remain behind and make myself happy in the house he had chosen for us, until his return.

When he took me to see Greystone Hall I was actually ashamed to let him see how disappointed I was. I had pictured to myself a cosy family residence—a sort of large cottage, in fact—standing in the midst of green fields, a lovely rural spot; but Greystone proved to be a large mansion, quite an imposing edifice, very old, and so gloomy that I felt an unpleasant "creeping" sensation when standing under the shadow of its ancient portico.

"I hope, Cara, that the housekeeper's formidable appearance will not alarm you," said Bertie, as we waited for the ponderous door to be opened.

"Why?" I asked. "Is she at all peculiar?"

"Rather," he replied; "but I am assured that it is only her looks, poor thing, which are against her; you won't mind that, I know.

"Of course not," said I; "do you think me so silly?"

The door unclosed at this moment, and the person in question stood before us. She was a gaunt woman, immensely tall, with a slight stoop; her face was strongly marked and lined, but her fine features bore evidently the remains of great beauty—beauty lost years and years ago; her hair was snowy white, and in a dishevelled condition; her complexion a deadly pallor, but the eyes were fiercely black, and shone with a strange, wild lustre. She was altogether a remarkable-looking person.

"Good morning Mrs. Rayne," said Bertie. "I have brought my wife, as I promised. You will of course let us see the house."

Mrs. Rayne muttered some indistinct reply, and instead of drawing back to let us enter, stood gazing intently at me, until her scrutiny became disagreeable.

"Will you——?" began my husband again.

She started at the sound of his voice, in a harsh, croaking tone, "Your lady is a fair lady. I like fair ladies. We shall be great friends."

Bertie laughed, and gave me a look of encouragement, drawing my arm within his own.

"I told you she was odd," he whispered aside, "but I didn't know what good taste she had before."

We went over the house, and a more gloomy, dismal place I never beheld; but the large rooms were handsomely furnished, and Bertie went into raptures with the old and valuable paintings that hung around.

The possessor of Greystone Hall had been abroad for a long time, so part of the building was much dismantled, and one wing uninhabitable.

However, these were but slight drawbacks, and Bertie, who knew that I was of rather a romantic turn of mind, thought the old place would be more interesting and delightful to me from its very dilapidation.

"And, to crown all," said my husband, merrily, "Greystone Hall is said to be haunted: and, you know, you have always expressed a wish to live in a haunted house," he continued.

"Did I? I almost forget," I faltered.

"Well, you won't be very lonely, Cara," said he, "for I have written to ask your friend, Mrs. Wollaston, to spend the time with you, my timid birdie, during my absence."

This was a pleasant surprise, indeed, for Edith Wollaston was my earliest and dearest friend; we were sisters in affection, and if I had to be separated from Bertie, she would, he knew, in a great measure make up for his absence. So I became a little more reconciled to my fate and went home in quite good spirits.

A week after, Edith and I took possession of Greystone Hall. I bade good-bye to my dear husband, and made a little fool of myself, and got a pair of red eyes in consequence of my folly.

Edith and I, when Bertie had gone, sat down in the large window-sill in the parlor, and chatted about our two dear absentees; for Captain Wollaston had accompanied my husband on his journey. There was much to talk about; many past happy scenes to recall; we were very romantic, and considered our lords the first and foremost in the world.

So we passed the greater part of the evening. At last Edith said, drawing back the heavy curtain, and looking out on the dusky avenue, "I don't think this is a cheerful place. Why did you choose it, Cara?"

I told her about Bertie, and how he liked it.

"Ugh!" she said with a shiver; "I could fancy my girlish nonsense was coming back; I feel most remarkably gloomy."

I laughed at her, and tried to reason her out of her fears, but my own were far greater. Strange to say, that from the moment I entered the house I could not battle against a presentiment of evil which possessed me.

We talked on in a subdued tone, not caring to speak aloud; it seemed an effort in that great lonely room. I was actually afraid to look into the dark corners; but making one trial, I groped my way to the bell and rang for lights and tea. The old woman answered my summons, instead of my maid, whom I had brought with me.

"I came to serve you, madam," said the harsh voice of Mrs. Rayne, as she stood in the centre of the room—a tall, shadowy phantom in the gloom. "I told your maid I would come: she is a timid girl, and does not like a dark house. She says she is afraid of ghosts!" laughed Mrs. Rayne, harshly.

"She is a silly girl," I said; "but she will soon be accustomed to Greystone Hall."

"This is a haunted house, lady," said Mrs. Rayne; "but you will not believe me, I know."

"I should think not," said I, indignantly.

"Hush, hush!" said she. "Do not say that, lady; but you shall have your light and supper."

Mrs. Rayne walked out of the room, and Edith said in a whisper to me, "The housekeeper seems an oddity—don't you think so?"

"Bertie says she is a very nice old woman," I replied.

At that moment my maid entered with candles. She looked pale and terrified.

"Oh, ma'am," she exclaimed, after glancing cautiously round to make sure Mrs. Rayne was not listening, "this is a nasty, horrid place! Mrs. Rayne says that there is a curse on it, and that some of the rooms are haunted—and there's an awful murder done here every nine years, and only think, that's why the family have left, because this is the ninth year."

"Mary," said I trying to look very wise, "don't listen to such silly tales. I assure you that there is no truth in them."

"Well, ma'am, I'll try not to be frightened," said Mary; "but the house is so gloomy; see how dark it is even with these two candles."

There was no disputing that fact; and as the fire was laid ready for lighting, I bade Mary strike a match.

"It is very strange, ma'am," she said, as she knelt on the rug to do my bidding.

"What is strange?" I asked.

She looked up with a face expressing horror, and a look as if she she had some terribly mysterious circumstance to communicate, and hesitated to do so.

"What is the matter Mary?" I asked.

"You're sure you aren't frightened of ghosts, ma'am," said she.

"Of course not," I replied.

"Master has chosen the haunted room for you to sleep in," continued Mary. "He said it was the prettiest in the whole house, and you wouldn't mind its being the room where the people is murdered!"

"Oh, Cara!" exclaimed Edith with a nervous laugh.

I was silent from consternation. Mary lit the fire, and after a glance to see the effect of her words, went down stairs.

"This is certainly more than I bargained for!" I ejaculated.

"Cara, I must sleep with you to-night, dear," said Edith.

"Do, for pity's sake! for though of course I am not foolish enough to fear apparitions, I must confess myself a little shaky after parting with Bertie," said I trying to smile.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Rayne came to show us to our rooms. She looked surprised, I thought, when I told her Mrs. Wollaston meant to share mine with me.

"But the other lady's room is ready for her, the bed well aired, and a bright fire burning," she remonstrated.

"Let Mary sleep there," said Edith. "I am quite determined to have my way."

"As you please, lady," said Mrs. Rayne. "But I thought——" and here she muttered something to herself.

The housekeeper threw open the door of a chamber after we had traversed several long passages. We entered, and beheld a large and pleasant room, better furnished than all the others. I was agreeably surprised, for, on the occasion of my introductory visit to the mansion, I had not been shown this. I had pictured a very different, gloomy, dreary, ghostly apartment, after what Mary had said.

"There is some superstition connected with this room, is there not?" I asked of our conductor.

She replied, dryly, that there was, and then said, in a very peculiar tone, "Shall I tell you about it, lady?"

"No, no!" I replied, hurriedly; "some other time—not to-night."

"You have everything you require, then, ladies. I will bid you good-night; and," she added, as she left the room, "pleasant dreams."

The door closed after her, and we were alone. The first thing Edith and I did was to open the cupboard doors, and peep under every piece of furniture, laughing at ourselves for such unwonted precautions.

"This door won't open," cried Edith, trying one near the bed.

"No?" said I. "Well, I suppose Mrs. Rayne has locked up her best cap, and taken away the key," I added, gaily.

"Do you feel any alarm, Cara?" asked my friend, merrily.

"Scarcely any," I replied. "My nervousness is going."

We locked the door (why, I cannot imagine) before going to bed.

My rest was undisturbed. I only had a confused dream, in which I fancied that Bertie and Mrs. Rayne were fighting, and that she flew away on a broomstick, after a hard contest.

When I awoke, to my surprise I found Edith dressed, and seated by the window. She turned a pale and awe-struck face upon me when I spoke.

"Good gracious, Edie, what is the matter?" I asked. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"The truth is, Cara, I have been terrified," said Edith, speaking in a low, mysterious tone. "You know I am not superstitious, but——"

"But what?" said I.

"I awoke in the middle of the night," she replied, "and heard you murmuring something about Bertie and Mrs Rayne. I thought you were dreaming uneasily and tried to wake you, calling, 'Cara, Cara!' to no purpose, shaking you pretty roughly, too; but you slept on, and I turned away in despair. As I was laying my head on the pillow, I heard a slight noise in the room, and by the flickering light of the fire I saw——"

"Oh, what?" I cried, staring at her.

"A shadowy form in white gliding across the room, Cara," she replied. "I was so frightened that I could not remove my eyes from it, and it disappeared——"

"Can you have been dreaming?" I asked.

"I was awake, Cara," she replied, "and strange to say, no calling would rouse you; you seemed to be in a deep, heavy sleep."

It was easy to see that Edith was really alarmed, and I confess my disbelief in ghosts was shaken.

"I'll not sleep with you again, Cara," said Edith with a shudder. "I see you don't believe my story."

"I think really you must have had a dream," said I; "and Bertie will laugh at us if he hears why we have changed our room."

"Don't tell him, or anybody, or he will think me mad," said Edith. "But, Cara, I declare I was not dreaming."

"It is very strange," said I, "and more so than agreeable; but until I see this ghostly figure, I mean to stay here."

"You are foolish, Cara," said Edith, "and as obstinate as of yore. You should not stay another night in this room."

"Have you slept well, ladies?" asked Mrs. Rayne, when we went down to breakfast.

I answered in the affirmative; but Edith was silent.

"You heard no noise—saw nothing?" she said, gazing fixedly at me.

"I? Oh, no! Ghosts, if there were any present, did not trouble me," I replied, lightly; and Mrs. Rayne said no more.

Mary, my little abigail, had not seen or heard anything to alarm her. She looked bright and fresh as a daisy, and seemed quite disposed to become reconciled to her temporary abode.

But it was morning, clear, sunshiny, and everything wore a different aspect from what it had done on the previous night.

I tried, when we were alone, to persuade Edith that what she fancied she had seen must have been but a quivering moonbeam, or some optical delusion; but she declared again and again that she knew she was not mistaken, and that the ghostly vision, whatever it might prove to be, was a reality: that she had been wide awake, and nothing would convince her to the contrary.

"Edward would think me very silly if I were to tell him how much I am frightened," said my friend. "I am nervous to a ridiculous extent, and I am quite ashamed of myself for being so; but if what I saw could be accounted for in any way, I should be most thankful."

"Well, Edith, I will sit up and watch to-night," said I; "and we must keep our vigil a secret from Mary and the housekeeper."

"I only hope our courage will not ebb away before it will be required," said Edith; "and for pity's sake, don't tell Edward what a goose I have been!" she added more gaily.

I promised faithfully. Edith was a young wife as well as I; and what her husband thought of her was of more consequence to her than anything else in the world. It is a pity some wives of older date are not as anxious to obtain the approbation of their lords.

The day passed without any incident: the behavior of Mrs. Rayne being the only savage thing. Decidedly she was very "queer;" she seemed to take a wonderful fancy to me—a violent and not very agreeable partiality,—for she scarcely ever deigned to notice Mrs. Wollaston, but directed the most pressing civilities to myself, and lingered as long as she could beside me on any slight pretext.

Night came, and with it a return of my nervousness. We sat in the long parlor, conversing in subdued tones; we did not care to raise our voices, nor did we ring for lights until a late hour.

When Mary brought in the supper-tray she did not seem as lively as she had been in the morning; but she made no more complaints.

Edith and I went to our room with beating hearts, though I was determined not to acknowledge that she had infected me with her alarm.

We wrapped ourselves in warm dressing-gowns, and sat side by side at the cheerful fire. I placed two candles on the high mantelpiece; for sitting in the haunted chamber in the gloom of a November night, would not be pleasant, I thought, and besides that, supposing the apparition were to appear again, how could we be sure it was not a moonbeam?

"It really seems ludicrous, Cara," remarked Edith, "but I assure you I did see something, and I will not go to bed in this horrid room until I can find out what it was."

We made sure that the door was secure, tried the bolt of the window, and then resumed our seats. The fire soon wanted replenishing, but Mrs. Rayne had forgotten to leave coal or wood, and it was soon out.

The room was very cold then, and we sat huddled together, trying to conquer our fears. When the fire died away, my courage also departed, and we were guilty of starting at every sound. The wind moaning round the gables, sobbing like a human voice at the windows, and shrieking through the leafless branches of the trees in the avenue, added to our dreariness.

To crown our misfortunes, Edith, with a trembling hand, endeavored to shorten the elongated wick of the candle, and put it out, and before she could relight it, the other, which, unfortunately, she had taken down from the mantelpiece, was blown out by a gust of wind from the chimney.

"What on earth shall we do?" we both cried at the same moment.

We had no matches, and there was no help for it but to sit down again; as I could not induce Edith to go to bed.

"Let us talk about something pleasant, it will prevent our minds from dwelling on the supernatural."

I skilfully introduced some subjects of conversation, and Edith became quite animated.

After a time, in the dreary midnight hour, we ceased to talk, and only a whispered question and answer broke the silence; but with my dear Edith's head drooping on my shoulder, her hand in mine, I recalled the days of our girlhood.

I was startled by hearing a soft footfall, and my meditations were put to flight; for Edith, waking from a slight doze, sprang to an upright posture, and exclaimed, apprehensively, "Surely, I heard a noise!" Then, with a shriek, she cowered back, drawing me with her forcibly, and pointing with one hand to the further end of the room.

"Look! look, Cara!" she cried.

A figure draped in white stood there; it was tall and slender, and its long garments trailed upon the floor. You can easily imagine the thrill of horror that ran through me, as I remained fascinated, spell-bound, not daring to move and unable to speak.

Edith's convulsive clasp of my arm slackened, and she fell back heavily. I knew she had fainted; but in the extremity of my terror I could not turn round to her assistance, for the awful, white robed form still gleamed in the indistinct light.

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness; it was the village clock faintly chiming the hour—one o'clock. Then I heard a voice say in a strange, unearthly tone, "No, no; not to-night! I will do your bidding soon."

There was a hollow groan. The dreadform swayed and bent as if in grief, and then, wringing its hands, disappeared in the darkness. There was a faint clicking sound, and all was still once more.

"Edith! Edith!" I cried, trying to rouse my friend.

Happily her swoon was not of long duration, for she soon opened her eyes and murmured, "Cara, are you there? Have I been dreaming? Oh, no!—I remember. Is it gone?"

"My dear Edith," said I, "can you summon courage to come with me? We cannot stay here all night."

"Oh yes, yes," she replied; "but where shall we go?"

"To Mary's room," said I. "Come quick, quick!"

After some time, we managed to find the handle of the door, and unlocked it. Trembling, we ventured into the long, dark passage, and, with a mutual impulse, flew, rather than ran, to the other wing of the house.

We opened the door of the room in which Mary slept, and found a candle burning on the table, and Mary still undressed. She screamed as we entered, and made a futile attempt to rush away. Fright prevented her moving, and the poor girl stood staring with wild distended eyes at the supposed white spectral forms she saw, her hands clasped in mute supplication.

"Mary, don't be alarmed," said I. "We are neither ghosts or robbers."

With a cry of intense relief, she staggered into a chair.

"Oh, ma'am!" she gasped, "I have been so frightened——"

A burst of tears checked her utterance.

After much sobbing she told us the cause of her fear. It seemed that when she went to her room she had bolted herself in, as usual, and had sat down to finish some needlework, when she heard a noise in the passage as of stealthy footsteps.

Fancying that perhaps Mrs. Rayne might be wanting something, she opened the door. No one was there; but she waited, and called the housekeeper by name several times; receiving no answer, she was just about to shut the door again, when she was startled by hearing a voice say, "No, no, not to night; but soon—soon!" and there was a sort of shriek, followed by a groan.

So frightened was the poor girl, that she had only strength left to reach a chair; and there she remained until our appearance. It was no wonder we had terrified her more.

What was to be done? We did not like to tell Mary the cause of our seeking a retreat in her room; so we merely spoke about the wind howling in the large chimney, and preventing our slumbers; but we determined to speak seriously to Mrs. Rayne on the morrow.

Edith and my little servant were really ill; and when I saw the reflection of my face in the mirror I could scarcely believe that it was the same I had seen in the morning, so wan and wretched it looked.

It seemed as if daybreak would never come; and neither of us was brave to seek the housekeeper.

We tried to look as if nothing had occurred when we went down stairs. Mrs. Rayne was most attentive, and, as usual, fixed her regards upon me.

"We did not sleep very well last night, Mrs. Rayne. We heard some extraordinary noises, and I fancied there were footsteps in the corridors," said I, observing the housekeeper's countenance.

She was standing near the window, in a strong light, and I saw her turn very pale, but she answered quietly:—

"I thought you were not afraid of the supernatural, lady, or I should never have advised you to sleep in that room. There is an old tradition about the family; shall I tell it to you?"

I replied in the affirmative; and, in cold, measured tones, with a set expression on her features, Mrs. Rayne related the following story:—

"The Congreves are an ancient race, and have been noted for wicked deeds, as well as noble ones.

"More than two hundred years ago a Sir Egbert Congreve committed a most cruel murder, enticing a fair and gentle lady to this gloomy mansion. She loved her husband well, but he soon grew tired of her, and disregarding her prayers for mercy, stabbed her fatally in the chamber you have just quitted.

"When she was dying she turned to him, and cursed him and all the eldest sons of the race. Since that time, misfortune has indeed seemed to pursue the Congreves. The eldest sons always meet with violent ends.

"Every nine years there has been a dreadful murder in this house. A gloom ever surrounds it; and Sir Edward Congreve at last heeded his lady's earnest solicitations, and took her and his only son, dear Mr. Ernest, away."

"Mr. Ernest! Then there is a son?" I questioned.

"There is, young lady," she replied; "and that I may be instrumental in removing the doom from him, I have remained here, disregarding Lady Congreve's command, for she wished me to accompany her on her journey."

The woman's strange manner awed me. Suddenly, with a wild excitement, she took my hand, and continued:—

"The doom can be renewed; it can—it can! I know it! I am sorry you came here, or that she ever saw you."

"Who saw me?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"The murdered lady Clarissa appeared to you last night," she replied.

Raising one hand, solemnly, the housekeeper then glided from the room, leaving Edith and me in a state of great uneasiness.

We changed our rooms, and slept in another wing, and for several weeks nothing happened to disturb us. Mary also occupied a small chamber on the same landing as ours.

We took long walks, sketched and read or played and sung in the evenings, and wrote letters to Bertie and Edward. We tried to make the house as near cheerful as possible.

Mrs. Rayne's manner, however, became more strange, her eyes looked more wild, and she passed hours in the library, muttering to herself. Then a new whim seized her; she would come up to me, gaze at me earnestly, begin to sob and cry, and then leave the room abruptly. Her mysterious behavior made us dreadfully nervous, and we longed for the time of our departure.

Time passed on, and it wanted but three days to Christmas. Bertie was to come for us on the morrow, and we were busily packing, laughing and talking, as we did so, when the housekeeper entered the room; she approached me and whispered in my ear, "Lady, will you come to the library with me?"

"Oh, certainly," I replied, wondering what she could want with me.

In the passage she took my hand and hurried me along, without speaking. At the library door she paused. "You said you did not believe in spirits—come here!" she said, dragging me to the window. "There! look at him—do you see?"

I did see in the dusk, a figure amongst the trees.

"That is Sir Egbert," she said; "it is the night, and nearly the hour." Her face was rigid and ashy white, as she continued solemnly, "Young lady, I have warned you. Mr. Ernest, dear Mr. Ernest, you will soon be free."

The housekeeper moved away, and a feeling of terror paralyzed me. I did not move from the window until Edith came and drew me gently away: she said Mrs. Rayne had sent her to me.

We returned to the parlor. I pleaded a sudden indisposition, and I suppose fright really did make me ill. I did not tell Edith what Mrs. Rayne had said, for fear of making her nervous again; and then I thought Bertie and Edward would soon make us brave. Oh, how I did long for the next day.

To my great relief, we saw no more of Mrs. Rayne during the evening, and Mary said she was asleep.

We retired to rest as usual about eleven, and Edith was soon in sound slumber. I listened with envy to her soft and regular breathings, wishing I could follow her example; but a restless fit seized me. I could not close my eyes for more than an hour; then I fell into a light doze. A noise, as if the door opened, awoke me; I started up—all was still; but as I laid my head again on the pillow, a hand, cold as ice, was placed upon my forehead.

The moonbeams faintly glimmered into the room, and, to my intense horror, I saw a tall, dark-robed form standing beside me. Edith slept on undisturbed. I could not move—my terror was so great.

"It is the time," said a deep and hollow voice. "The curse shall be removed from this hour."

Another instant, and I was lifted from the bed as if I had been a feather. I was in the grasp of iron arms, chill as a stone—held as in a vice.

In my frantic terror I tried to scream, but my voice failed, and was like a whisper. I felt myself borne swiftly away.

"Edith! Edith!" I cried; but how could she hear that choking cry?

Again I tried to struggle, but all power was gone, and then my senses left me.

* * * * * *

I awoke as from a frightful dream, and found myself in a darkened chamber. Bertie, my dear husband, was beside me, and a gentleman in black held my hand, and was feeling my pulse.

"She is sensible now," said the latter.

"My darling—my Cara!" said my husband; then he turned away, covered his face with his hands, and I heard him sob. Presently Edith glided forward, and drew him away.

"Hush!" said the doctor. "Do not speak. When you are stronger, you shall know all."

"You have indeed been nearly lost to us, dearest Cara; but, thank Heaven! your life is saved," murmured my friend, as she held a composing draught to my lips.

I suppose my "ghost story" needs explanation but it was not until I had almost entirely recovered from my dangerous illness that I knew the facts myself.

It seems that Mrs. Rayne had been for some years insane; and one of her fancies was, that if a life were not sacrificed in exchange for his, that Ernest Congreve would fall a victim to the traditionary curse. Her mind dwelling ever on the one subject, she imagined that she held communion with the spirits, and that they had bidden her to take my life instead of that of the young heir. It was her flitting form which had so alarmed Edith that first night in the haunted chamber. She had carried me across the lonely moor on that terrible night, and left me stabbed, and in a dying state, in the loneliest part of it.

When Edith awoke and found me gone, and not in the house, her amazement and fright were indescribable, and when Bertie, with Captain Wollaston, arrived a few hours later, there was quite a scene, so Edith told me. The bewildered trio, in the greatest distress, searched the neighborhood for the missing one. I was found by some country people, lying on the moor, wrapped in a pall, and perfectly insensible, just as poor Bertie, in his distraction, was going to have the ponds dragged for his little wife.

Mrs. Rayne is now confined in an asylum; and to my dying day I shall never forget the terror I experienced through that poor mad woman.

Whenever our husbands are absent, Edith and I do not intend to take another haunted house. Indeed, the most romantic looking old castle would fail to tempt us from our villas.

Scientific and Useful.

KEEPING THEM IN.—A water tube jail is one of the latest achievements of ingenuity. It is no longer necessary to make the prison bars so heavy and so hard that cutting through them becomes very difficult, but instead, they are made simply of pipes, forming part of a high-pressure water system. Should any of these pipes be severed, the water would escape and quickly give warning of the break.

COACH DOORS.—An ingenius device for enabling coachmen or drivers to close and open the hoods of victorias, landaus, or like vehicles, by mechanical means, communicating with the box seats, has been invented. This convenience is attained by an arrangement of link motions attached to the hood of the carriage, which is operated by the coachman without stopping or leaving his seat, through the intervention of cords running over a combination of small guiding pulleys.

ASBESTOS FILTER.—A new asbestos filter has been introduced, consisting of a covered tinned copper cylinder, below which is placed an inverted cone of very fine wire gauze, the whole being supported on an ordinary funnel stand. The liquid to be filtered has a small quantity of powdered asbestos suspended to it, and then poured into the cylinder. The asbestos forms a filtering layer upon the wire gauze, and the liquid, it is stated, passes through perfectly clear. The wire gauze is afterwards washed with water, and is then ready for further use.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—An excellent breakfast is made for poultry by scalding together some middlings and bran, then add vegetable parings, and scraps of meat, bread and vegetables from the table. Before their bedtime give them a hearty meal of grain, wheat, oats, barley or corn.

WELL-WATER.—If you wish to know whether there is a bad taste to the water in your well, spring, or cistern, ask a stranger; he soon perceives a peculiar taste in the water which he is not accustomed to drink, while those who are habituated to it have their taste blunted; sometimes so much so that they like that which is really noxious.

CUTTING DOWN TREES.—There is a stringent law in Japan that when one camphor laurel is cut down, another must be planted in its place. The tree is hardy, and long-lived, attaining to an enormous size. It is covered with a small leaf of a vivid dark green color. The seed or berries grow in clusters, resembling the black currant in size and appearance; and the wood is employed for every purpose, from cabinet-making to ship-building.

SOMETIME ago my two nieces were taken with Whooping Cough. One was placed under care of our best doctor, but she died. To the other, mother and I administered Jayne's Expectorant. She got well, and to-day is robust. She was by far the worst of the two. I believe that had we given the same medicine to the other, she would have been living to-day.—(Mrs.) ALVIN BIXBY, Garden City, Minn., Oct. 20, 1886.

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On Inconsistency

So far from being merely a dual personality, as is commonly urged, man is usually a dozen persons rolled into one. Very wisely and properly, if he takes pains to know himself, he singles out his best nature and says, "This is my true self." Such at any rate is the verdict of the optimist, though the pessimist may search for the worst that is in him, and call that his true likeness. But the man of nervous volatile temperament often surprises himself by the varying shapes and forms he assumes in even so short a space of time as a single hour.

If we had only a dual personality we might understand ourselves with certainty. If we simply blew hot and cold, or vacillated between black and white, we should know better how to treat ourselves. But we are lukewarm, and we reflect so many colors that we are often at a loss to know which to claim as ours by prescriptive right. The merest rosebeaf in the bed changes the peaceful dream into a disturbed one. The note of the corn-crake clashes with the song of the lark, and dissipates the pleasant train of thought.

It may be argued paradoxically that it is consistent to be inconsistent—that, possessing so many varying characteristics, we cannot fail to become dominated by each in turn. The contention is no doubt true. But we know that to many it is a source of constant trouble that they do not, in the common phrase, "know their own minds." This however we should class as indecision rather than inconsistency. When we are inconsistent in the fullest sense of the term it is not that we do not know our own mind. We know it indeed very accurately, and we are surprised to find what an emphatically undecided mind it is, seeing how widely it differs from our equally decided mind of the previous day. In moral conduct, in mental tastes, in social inclination do we not find ourselves constantly differing from ourselves as strenuously as we could differ from others? In moral conduct alone do we not find ourselves one day worshippers of the cardinal virtues and the next admirers of a more complex code of ethics, which deals in fine shades and distinctions and despises broad general rules?

Most of us are tenacious of our views, though they be only the views of the hour. Our inconsistencies lie in this—that we vigorously uphold and honestly and firmly believe that which, later, we shall have discarded. In the commoner details of life, of course, we begin to get our views more and more into focus as we advance in years, and circumstances and experience narrow us down to a single line of life. But it is a question whether life is not lived more fully and more richly during the period of our more glaring inconsistencies.

We have no need to chide ourselves with inconsistency, with the strenuous advocacy of varying opinions, as if it were a sin against our better nature, instead of being a natural and understandable characteristic. For what in reality is this inconsistency of which we complain? Is it not a groping about after truth? And are we to refrain always from seizing tightly hold of that which for the moment we believe to be the truth, lest we discover presently that it is a falsehood?

Let those who worry themselves about inconsistencies consider well the alternatives. There is a timid agnosticism which says "I don't know" to every question that is asked. It is that fatal principle of keeping an "open mind" on all matters which means no mind at all. You become afraid to study a question, afraid to think, lest the circumstances of the moment should carry you off on a false path. The only course therefore to secure consistency is to walk always on the low level, where you cannot fall, refusing all upward flights, where you may be in danger.

Yet this is an impossible, miserable outlook. It reduces life to the merest mechanical round, destroys all the joy of living, and makes less than men and women of us. We do not ask for the cultivation of inconsistency. That would be foolish indeed. We say rather that there should be a steady aim towards a consistency that will never quite be reached, but may be approached. But in the aim we need not be afraid of our inconsistencies.

Character will tell in the end, and we should be sorry to seem to put vacillation against its triumphant staunchness; but it seems to us that many a man is cribbed, cabined, and confined by a fear of inconsistency, is afraid to say what he now thinks because it is different from what he thought a year or ten years ago, and is perplexed by fluctuations of thought and feeling which are only a natural widening of experience. So it comes about that he holds to a number of sham rights and sham wrongs. To fear inconsistency is to clamp ourselves in with iron bands of past opinion that hinder the growth which is the law of the healthy soul.

THERE are three kinds of natures which take on themselves softness of manner and gentleness of touch—the natures with hands of steel, sharp, cruel, wounding, well covered by velvet gloves; those with hands of bran and pith, mere dummies without the power of grip or holding in them; and those with hands of honest human flesh and blood, soft, warm, responsive, yielding, but with a serviceable framework of bone and muscle beneath, which when required can hold its own, and, if yielding on some occasions, can be defensive and repellent on others. These are the three most noteworthy types of the hand that lies hidden beneath the velvet glove of smooth appearance and delicate texture—the characters to be found under the veil of a soft manner and a noticeably gentle exterior.

IT is a truth never to be lost sight of that it is not knowledge itself that should be the aim of education, but rather the attainment of the power to gain it and to use it as occasion requires through life. The well-educated man of the future will not be the one whose memory holds intact the accumulations of years of study. He will forget much that he has learned at school and college, but he will rejoice in the ability to seek for what he needs, to find it and to arrange and use it in such a way as to conduce to the success of his undertakings and the richness of his life. The discipline which leads up to this power cannot be begun too early or carried on too faithfully through all the years of preparation for life.

CULTIVATION implies something to cultivate. We plant the seed in favorable soil if we would reap a harvest. We train the muscle that already has some strength if we would make an athlete. We foster an aptitude for using tools if we would make a good mechanic. In like manner, if we would cultivate the moral nature, we must seek for the best instincts that are already active, and nourish and develop them.

IT is the unguarded word which oftenest proves a root of bitterness in married life—the want of a proper discipline of speech which thrusts thorns and needles into family happiness. Young married people cannot be too careful in the exercise of a wholesome restraint over their tongues and intercourse with each other, if they would preserve mutual respect and lay a solid basis for domestic tranquillity.

MANY a young man has come to grief and ruin through fear of being thought stingy and mean; many a young married couple have wrecked their peace of mind on the same rock. While we cannot absolve them for their weakness, we certainly cannot hold those blameless who have put stumbling-blocks in the way of honorable economy.

TO work worthily man must aspire worthily. His theory of human attainment must be lofty. It must ever be lifting him above the low plain of custom and convention in which the senses confine him into the high mount of vision and renovating ideas.

EVERY man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, may still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

BEING forced to work and forced to do your best will produce in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and contentment, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

IT may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions, that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it, is a gainer by the loss.

NO self-seeking egotist can ever enjoy true peace; but the loving, kindly, and generous heart must attain to calmness and tranquillity.

Correspondence.

DOROTHY.—**Sea bathing, it is said,** causes many diseases of the ear. Cotton should be put in the ear when it is the intention to submerge the head.

TULIP.—**John Harrison, an Englishman,** was the inventor of the chronometer in 1736, and received the Government reward of $100,000 for the invention. He died in 1776. He was a working mechanic, and a self-taught man.

A SUB.—**Wax may be hardened** by the addition of resin and stick-lac, in certain proportions, and for the manufacture of artificial fruit and flowers by the addition to it, when melted, of finely-powdered French chalk. In some cases wax may be hardened with great advantage by means of paraffine.

PLUTO.—**You complain that your** sweetheart having had a former lover, you wish to obliterate the remembrance of him from her heart, and you find it difficult to do so. All the better for you. If she be faithful to the love of one, she will be so to yours. Time alone and kindness, coupled with unvarying attention on your part, can perform that wonder which you wish.

E. S. W.—General U. S. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, on April 27, 1822. He married in 1848 Miss Julia T. Dent, of St. Louis, sister of one of his classmates. In his memoirs General Grant says, "My family is American, and has been for generations, in all its branches, direct and collateral." Matthew Grant, the founder of the branch in America, of which General Grant was a descendant, was a married man when he arrived in this country, but his children were all born here.

D. G.—**The authorship of the words** and the music of God Save the Queen to the air of which America is sung is unknown, though the most probable conjecture is that which attributes the words to John Bull, made Doctor of Music in 1591, at Oxford. The music itself is much older, but whether founded on a French original, is still more uncertain than the authorship of the words. Some affirm that the words were written in the reign of James II. when William of Orange was hovering on the coast, and that when the latter became king, it was a treasonable song, like "Charley Over the Water" at a later period. Henry Carey's son laid claim to it as a production of his father, who died in 1743.

J. L. H.—**While there is a good deal** to be said for your contention that butchers ought to be carefully instructed in the best methods of taking animal life, you go too far and produce a "counsel of perfection" when you demand technical instruction for every vender of a chop or a link of sausages. It is the buyer who can best be expected to guard against food that is deleterious to health, and information as to signs of disease in animal food would, if made widely available, cause greater care to be taken in the selection of meat. Public opinion can be moved but slowly in these matters, as you must be well aware. It would be better however to move first in the direction of such education for slaughterers of animals as would tend to make the meat more valuable, and so would appeal to the self-interest of those in the trade. To demand at the same time training for the vender would be to check the progress that might otherwise be made.

N. Y. S.—**Vanilla is employed** more as a perfume and to flavor certain articles than as a medicine, though it has been recommended as a remedy in hysteria and low fevers, in the form of an infusion made in the proportion of about half an ounce to a pint of boiling water, and given in tablespoonful doses. The plant is a native of the West Indies, Mexico and South America. According to one authority, vanilla does not yield volatile oil when distilled with water; and the aroma appears to depend on chemical changes which take place during and after the curing of the pods, which are collected before they are quite ripe, dried in the shade, covered with a coating of fixed oil, and then tied in bundles, which are surrounded with sheet lead, or inclosed in small metallic boxes, and sent into the market. They are picked early because when fully ripe they split in two. The word vanilla is Spanish and means a little sheath, and the vanilla is so called on account of its pods looking like little knife sheaths.

MILIE.—1. **The effect of church** courtship is not confined to these lands. It is common to every Christian country. In Mahommedan nations the women in the mosques are carefully secluded from the men in order that the thoughts of the latter may not be diverted from their religious obligations. There is also a separation of the sexes in Jewish synagogues. We, with more liberality, allow eye to meet eye, and give the language of expression unlimited freedom. It is very lax, but how can it be helped? Human nature will not be "cribbed, cabined, and confined." It is often only a mark of politeness for a gentleman friend to escort a young lady home from a place of worship. 2. The truth about ornateness in worship is that different styles suit different temperaments, and religion is large enough and truth is broad enough to include all—the Puritanism of the severest doctrine-lover, and the sensuous delight of the woman who finds help in a gorgeous ceremonial. We come, by-and-by, to know that the essentials of religion are independent of these varying external forms, and that "truth fulfils itself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

ESTRANGED.

BY K. E. C.

A barrier has grown between
Your heart and mine, O friend, I ween—
A cruel and strong, though all unseen!

We made that barrier, you and I,
And strengthened it as days went by
Ah me! I scarce know how or why!

Mayhap some promise made and broken,
Some word unkind, though lightly spoken;
Then hearts that grieved but gave no token.

Farewell! O loyal heart and true,
How would you pity if you knew
The mazes that I wander through.

As wider, wider every day
Our paths diverge—O friend, I pray
That yours may be the sunnier way!

Tho my lone lot scarce could pine
While you were quaffing life's red wine,
Even though its bitterest cup were mine!

Of Happy Chance.

BY M. D.

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night," for Lady Claverton's ball was being held in Park Lane mansion. The spacious rooms were crowded; up and down the wide marble staircase, profusely decorated as it was with luxuriant palms and costly flowers, went and came the many visitors.

In the doorway lounged a man. He was not dancing; from his cool, unruffled appearance, and the absorbed expression of his countenance, he had not joined the giddy throng for some time, if at all. And yet he did not bear the bored, intensely weary air, adopted by the generality of his sex nowadays.

Now and again a sudden light flashed from the eyes that irradiated his quiet features, like a quick gleam of sunlight on the still, dark waters of the lake, as his head turned to follow someone. As that someone passed from his vision, vanishing in the crowd of terpsichorean devotees, so did the brightness pass from his face, leaving it shadowed and composed as before.

"You are not dancing, Mr. Fanshawe," said the voice of his hostess at his elbow, as she lightly tapped his arm with her plumed fan. "From choice is it, or do you wish for introductions? But perhaps," she added with a slight smile, "you are like the rest of the male sex, too done up for such exertion."

"No, Lady Claverton," he said, bending his tall head towards her, "I am honestly not in the humor for much dancing to-night. But I have danced, and I am engaged for one more. That is all I care about."

"You have come here then just for those two dances?" she said interestedly. "Will the second waltz be with your first partner?"

"Yes," he replied simply, "with my only partner."

She looked at him, read something in his eyes, and began:

"I must tell you, Mr. Fanshawe—Bruce—let me call you so, I have known you so long, and I have gauged your secret—nay, do not look so—so—standoffish I was going to say. I am your friend, and I must tell you just this: Mrs. Dalmaine aims high and means to be the mother-in-law of—well, she thinks her daughter's head just the right shape for a coronet."

Bruce Fanshawe started. The dark eyes grew darker, and the firm mouth a little more set.

"Why do you tell me this, Lady Claverton?"

"'Forewarned is forearmed' and—I like you, Bruce, and I also like Hope Dalmaine. There, I will say no more, perhaps I have said too much—if so, forgive me. Now I must go."

A few minutes later, with eager face and glowing eyes, Bruce Fanshawe was threading his way through the maze, on and on down the long room, till he reached the farther end, where a girl was seated, while her partner leaned beside her, idly talking to and fanning her.

She knew who was drawing near, and try as she would, the blood would bound through her veins with delicious rapidity, and the pulsations of her heart quicken.

"The next is ours, I think, Miss Dalmaine," said a voice beside her.

She rose, held out her hand for her fan, bowed to her late partner, and laid the other on the new-comer's arm. The swift blush had deepened to richest pink now.

Together they passed out of the ballroom, into the cool, dimly-lit conservatory beyond. Still neither spoke. Silence is often more eloquent than words.

That they understood each other was evident, for their steps turned in the same direction down the quiet path, away into the shadow and solitude of a palm-secluded recess.

It was an ideal retreat for lovers, and these two were lovers, though as yet unconfessed ones.

The girl was the first, as ever, to recover from the strange spell which held them both. The slight laugh which accompanied her remark savored more of nervousness than of mirth, as she said:

"Do you mean to dance with me here Mr. Fanshawe?"

"I did not think of dancing, Miss Dalmaine. Would you rather do so, or do you mind very much if I ask you to sit this one waltz out with me?"

"It is certainly very hot and crowded in there," nodding her dainty head backwards in the direction of the ball room, as she half evaded his question.

"And I have something I want very much to say to you, to-night, Miss Dalmaine. I will find you a cosy seat. Ah! here we are, just the very thing."

He pushed the two cane chairs back a little farther, watched her settle herself in the low lounge, and then dropped into his seat beside her. As he had arranged it they were completely hidden from view.

He leaned forward with his arms resting along his knees, and his hands toying with the ribbons of her gown. But he did not speak for a time. Faintly reached them the slow, soothing notes of one of Germany's dreamy valses, mingling with the clearer drip, drip of the fountain.

Hope Dalmaine never listened to falling water again without seeing that dimlit, palm-shadowed spot.

"How lovely the palm-trees are," she said at last, putting out one gloved hand to stroke the glossy leaves of a plant near to her.

"Yes," he answered abstractedly. "Miss Dalmaine——"

The girl knew what was coming. His eyes had spoken what his tongue as yet had failed to say, and a sudden desire to postpone the blissful and yet dreaded moment assailed her.

"They look beautiful, here," she went on, clinging still to the safe subject of the palms, even as her hand clung as if for assurance to its smooth broad foliage, "but just imagine how far more lovely they must look in their own place, waving about in the breeze under the glowing sunlight."

"Would you like to see them in their native country?" he asked, bending a little nearer to her and letting his dark glowing eyes rest on her face.

His expression added intensity to the simple words. Hope Dalmaine unfurled her fan and moved it slowly backwards and forwards.

"In tropical climes? Yes, I should like to travel. Have you done much in that way, Mr. Fanshawe?" she asked.

She was dallying with her fate and she knew it, enjoying the delicious uncertainty of these last few moments of freedom.

"Yes, I have traveled too much, I often think, for there is little fresh for me to see. I have traveled too much alone. I must try companionship next time."

For the life of her she could not control the burning blush that spread from brow to chin, and she stooped quickly to examine the glittering buckle of her tiny shoe that was peeping out from under the folds of her satin gown.

"I thought my buckle was broken," she said, and even her voice betrayed now her nervousness.

"No," he said calmly, adjusting his eye-glass and gazing intently at the object under consideration, "the buckle and the shoe are perfect. Shall I add—and the foot that they adorn?"

"You are an adept at compliments, Mr. Fanshawe," she said, "and you told me one day you had never paid any and did not know how to make pretty speeches. For a beginner, you promise well."

His face lighted up as he remarked that her speech admitted memory of his words.

"There must be a beginning some time. Mine has come now. I have never felt any desire to make the attempt before."

"Oh, well, never mind speeches, tell me something about these travels of yours," broke in the girl with nervous abruptness. She had seen how quickly the conversation could be turned into the channel into which it must ultimately flow, and she was not yet prepared to let her little "bark attendant sail" on those waters yet.

"Oh, foolish, foolish Hope! Fate may not be played with, and "the skirts of happy chance" often sweep past us and are gone beyond our grasp while we dally over the "grasps" that would secure them.

"There is not much to tell—guide books do that so much better for one now-a-days, and—Miss Dalmaine, I am thinking of traveling again."

Hope's fan slipped out of her hand, and she bent to pick it up.

"Yes?" she said. Surely her voice was lower, the clear girlish ring a trifle uncertain. "As you are fond of traveling, at least I suppose you are, you will be glad to have opportunity to continue."

"But this time I shall stay away. I am contemplating a stop to my traveling.

"Are you going far, Mr. Fanshawe?"

"Yes, a far-off country. Though the journey is not long. I am going to India."

"Your friends will be sorry to lose you," said Hope, and as she spoke she tried to raise her eyes to his.

"My friends?" he echoed. "I have not many, and only one that I hope will be sorry. And that friend I was hoping I might persuade—Miss Dalmaine, have you ever thought about—about, well, I wonder how you would like traveling?"

His meaning was pretty clear, but she strove to answer lightly.

"Oh, I have traveled. I went with father last year to Germany. He was trying the waters. I cannot say I enjoyed my only taste of traveling. Father was very cross-grained, and I was very lonely and had to study so much."

"But supposing you went under different circumstances? Supposing you went with someone nearer, dearer to you than even a father, with one who was not cross-grained, who had no thoughts beyond your happiness and your comfort, with one in whose society you had but to study the most entrancing soul-absorbing lesson life has to teach; given those conditions, do not you think that traveling might be—well, let us say, to put it very mildly—enjoyable?"

The little head had long since drooped and her hands were pulling restlessly at that poor, long-suffering fan they held.

"Of course, for no one life can be all roses, but if a strong hand and a very watchful eye are ever by, many, many of the sharpest thorns may be evaded. Miss Dalmaine-Hope, I told you I brought you here—to speak to you. You must have guessed what it was. I am not good at hiding my feelings; I wish I could better do so, but——"

"Ah, Hope, you little truant, here you are! I have been searching for you everywhere!"

The clear, resonant tones of Mrs. Dalmaine's voice broke in upon the Elysium into which these two were about to wander, and recalled them to the matter-of-fact everyday world with a most unromantic and very uncomfortable start. Mr. Fanshawe sat up, every drop of blood surging to his forehead and swelling the veins on his temples, while Hope, with an almost frightened air, like a child that has been detected participating in some forbidden pleasure, rose to her feet, and said:

"Oh! mother, did you want to go? Is it so late? I thought the programme was not half done."

"My dear, you did not return to me after your Lancers with Colonel Fane, and that was three dances ago. Your other partners have been asking me your whereabouts, and Lord Vanestone——"

"Mamma! I did not think, I——"

"Pray exonerate Miss Dalmaine from all blame. It was I who enticed her here," spoke up the young man, looking directly into the haughty, severe countenance of her mother and bravely keeping his eyes there, though he knew the cold gaze he met was no favorable one and bore no hopeful promise for his future.

"Say no more, Mr. Fanshawe. Hope is young, and this is only her second ball. She will learn wisdom with experience," and Mrs. Dalmaine gave a wave of her hand to show that she wished the subject dropped.

"Now, dear," turning to her daughter and looking a little less frigid and dignified, "we must go. Your father has been called away very suddenly and took the carriage. He was urgently needed, so I told him not to think of us. But Lord Vanestone has most kindly placed his brougham at our service, and is waiting to take us down. We are quite ready, Lord Vanestone," she went on, turning to a gentleman who was standing a short distance off, for Mrs. Dalmaine's elaborate train lay upon the mosaic-set floor for some feet, and prevented his nearer approach. "Will you bring Hope, and perhaps I may trouble Mr. Fanshawe?"

She laid her hand on his arm as she spoke, and in silence they followed the couple.

The girl began to talk quickly to her companion, and a bright spot rose and burned on either cheek.

Bruce Fanshawe's mouth was firmly set and his face was quite white now. He saw through Mrs. Dalmaine at once, and remembered the words of his hostess; his heart felt like lead within him. He was prepared to do battle to the death it needs be, for the girl he loved, but he knew how fearfully the odds were against him.

What had he to lay in the scales against such a rival as Charles Sigismund, Lord Vanestone? He had no coronet, nor any prospect of one, to place upon that head, that was destined by so strong a will as Mrs. Dalmaine's to carry one; his family was old and of unblemished honor and far above that of the Dalmaines, but it lacked the only one thing needful in the eyes of a worldly, ambitious woman—a title; he had his career yet to make; his rival's was achieved—oh! yes, the odds were fearfully against him!

For what did youth, or love, or strong, ardent manhood, count against riches, title and an assured position? And, worst of all, he had lost his chance. While they had dallied there together ere taking the plunge into the "ocean of love," she had been snatched from his side by that prudent maternal hand, and he was left on the bank alone.

"Are you walking or driving, Fanshawe?" asked Lord Vanestone, as he shut the carriage door on the ladies and the two men stood together on the pavement in the cool dawn, nodding a last good-bye. "Or perhaps you are not purposing to leave yet?"

"Yes. I don't care to go back again."

"Nor I. Come with me for a stroll to the club. I don't feel like going home."

They sauntered down Park Lane very leisurely, for the night was sultry, boding thunder, smoking as they went.

"Not a bad affair, as such things go," vouchsafed the elder man at last. "I am not keen on dancing myself, such a terrible exertion."

"And I have not much chance," was the other's reply.

"And from what I hear you are contemplating leaving England again?" asked Lord Vanestone, with faint interest.

"Oh, nothing is settled. It is true I have had the offer of a capital appointment, likely to lead to rapid promotion, but I have not decided. It all depends upon——"

He stopped, shook off the ash from his cigar and drew it vigorously for a moment.

"Oh, it depends upon something, does it, or is it perhaps some-one, eh?" And Lord Vanestone gave a chuckle as he looked at his young companion. "Strange we should both be in the same unsettled state."

"Why, are you thinking of taking up an appointment?" asked Bruce Fanshawe, astonishedly. Lord Vanestone was not one of the workers in the hive of this world.

"Yes," he said slowly and impressively, weighing out his words very much like they do on the stage. "Yes, I am thinking of applying for an appointment. And it takes a lot of making up my mind. But as I am pretty certain of success, I think I shall make the application to-morrow. I meant to do so to-night."

"To-night? At Lady Claverton's ball, apply for an appointment! I don't understand you."

"No, I expect not," Lord Vanestone laughed. "Ah, here we are. You are coming in?"

"No, thanks, not to-night, or rather this morning, for, by Jove! there is the sun getting up and catching us late worms about!" And Bruce Fanshawe looked up at the sky.

He knew those soft golden beams were shining on the windows of her room. Was she thinking of him, and remembering that one low-whispered word, "Till to-morrow?" that he had managed to say to her as her hand had rested in his for that brief hand-shake. She had pulled off her glove, and the touch of those small fingers lingered with him still.

"Till to-morrow?" Ah, how many and many a to-morrow would have to turn into to-day and pass away as yesterday till the long roll of years would be accomplished ere those two should clasp hands again!

It was chance had parted them!

Might it not be chance that should bring them together again?

* * * * * * *

Before one of the doors of a house in Harley street, a perfectly appointed

Stanhope stood waiting. The finely-matched horses champed their bits, tossed their curving necks, and stamped impatiently. They had evidently been waiting some time, and from the reposeful attitudes of the men-servants, were destined to wait yet longer.

The young man, who was approaching with such an eager look of joyous expectancy on his face, paused as he caught sight of the turn-out, walked forward a few steps slowly and then paused again.

He glanced up at the windows of the house. As he raised his head to look up at the second story, a light laugh reached him and then the deep tones of a man's voice.

He knew that voice instantly, and as the sound struck on his ear, his whole face changed and darkened and the glad jubilance died out of it.

He passed on then, breathing heavily, and with one hand tightly clenched. From a side street emerged a lady, and crossed his path—by chance!

"Ah, Mr. Fanshawe, you? I heard you were up to the eyes in business, settling for another flight from the old country."

She held out her hand, and he had, perforce, to stop and greet her.

"News spreads so rapidly now-a-days, Mrs. Coryton, that it does not always wait to be verified ere it has started on its gossiping flight. I have not yet decided whether I take the appointment. It depends upon——"

"Ah! a decision depending upon another is always a tiresome thing to deal with. Have you been to see Mrs. Dalmaine? or rather," with a mischievous twinkle of her bright eyes, "I should say, Miss Dalmaine?"

"No, I have not called there."

"No? I thought perhaps you had as you were coming from that direction. Oh!" looking past him on up the street, "I see the visitor is there already. That is Lord Vanestone's carriage. One does not often see such a perfectly matched pair. Well," with a slight laugh, "we all know his business! I wonder if he will get the appointment for which he is applying? I think there is a little room for doubt."

"I am stupid this morning, I think, Mrs. Coryton, but I do not understand you quite."

He lifted his hat from his head as he spoke, as if he felt the heat too much for him.

"Surely you must know to what post he is aspiring?" she queried, clasping one hand over the other on the gold monogramed top of her parasol as she leaned upon it.

"Every one has found that out long ago. Not that he ever made it a secret. Lord Vanestone is at the present moment trying to persuade Hope Dalmaine to become Lady Vanestone.

"It will not take much persuasion, I should think. She is a lucky girl to bear away such a prize at the very commencement of her first season. He is enormously rich, and a very good fellow, Mr. Fanshawe," looking at him keenly, "are you ill? Excuse me, but you look as if the heat were too much for you."

"Oh no, thank you, Mrs. Coryton, the heat is not too much for me. I must get accustomed to that, I shall soon have plenty of that to bear."

"If you go."

"Yes, certainly, as you say, if I go. But I think you may leave that small word out. I shall go."

"Your friends will be sorry to lose you."

"Oh, I think my friends will be able to bear my loss with equanimity, Mrs. Coryton, they are so few. They survived my absence before, doubtless they will pull through again.

"You flatter me when you tell me I shall be missed. Who was it said that one's value in this world was easily estimated, by putting a finger in water and then taking it out? That is about the size of the gap I shall leave."

They parted as they had met, by chance, he to speed on his way with throbbing head and aching, agonized heart, and she, to smile over the "good turn" she had done her friend, Mrs. Dalmaine. Of course, Hope was a little sentimental, and Bruce Fanshawe's eyes were enough to bewitch any girl, but such nonsense must be stifled, such sentiment crushed, by matter-of-fact common sense, and young men soon got over such things, especially when they went abroad.

A few days later the steamer Orion, sailed from Plymouth, and among the passengers who stood on deck to watch the receding shores of England till they faded and were lost in the mists of evening, was Bruce Fanshawe.

And in a bedroom in Harley street a girl lay on her couch, her head buried in the pillows to stifle the heavy sobs that shook her from head to foot, and in her hand was clasped a bit of white gold-lettered cardboard.

Only a ball room programme! But dearer to her than every possession she had put together, for on it were some unreadable hieroglyphics! Had not he written them there, had not his fingers touched that bit of enameled paper?

And he was gone! Gone, without one word of farewell, without one note of explanation. Ah! it was cruel, cruel!

To-morrow she would be herself again, and treat his memory with the scorn it deserved. To-morrow she would be proud, and let everyone see how little she cared! And let him know it too, for would not the announcement of her engagement to Lord Vanestone be one of the choicest tid-bits for the society papers of the week?

But just for to-night she was herself, despairing, broken hearted Hope Dalmaine, only one of the many foolish, trusting women who have staked their faith, their happiness, their all, on the weak reed of a man's affection, and, like those many others, had found it fail!

* * * * *

"Mr. Fanshawe did not say, Lester? How strange of him to call to-night! Well, go and tell him if he cares to wait a little time, I shall be down soon, but that I am just dressing."

Mrs. Mordaunt looked puzzledly at her reflection in the long mirror before which she stood, and said again, this time to herself, for her maid had left the chamber to fulfil the order:

"How very strange of him to call to-night! He must know that Nora is away, he surely cannot have forgotten that! And it does not take much discernment to find out that it is not me"—with the very common disregard of grammar where that pronoun is concerned—"he comes to see!"

"Mr. Fanshawe says he will wait, ma'am, and you are please in no way to hurry, his time is not valuable."

Ah, that is right, for I detest being flurried over my toilet, and I know Lady Vanestone will be late. She always is."

Downstairs in the pretty lamp-lit, soft-mellowed light of the drawing-room, a man was pacing slowly backwards and forwards, his hands clasped together behind his back, and a thoughtful frown knitting his brows.

The rich, dark hair was plentifully sprinkled with gray on the temples, "strewn with the ashes of the past," lines were round the dark, beautiful eyes, and the cheeks, though deeply bronzed by tropical suns, were hollowed.

"How foolishly nervous I am," he said to himself at last, "utterly weak and foolish! To think that I have faced dangers out there, before which any man might have been forgiven for quailing, and yet now, at the mere thought of confronting a gentle lady, and asking her a question, my heart beats, and my hand literally shakes—I must be weak indeed! I suppose my long solitude has made me unaccustomed to the manners and usages of society.

"And yet, perhaps, I under-rate myself. She did not seem to find me uninteresting. I can see her pretty eyes now, fixed on my face as I talked to her yesterday. Sweet little Nora, just the girl to make a man happy! Just the woman to take to one's home, and settle by one's fireside! So tender, so yielding, so lovable! Dear little girl! Ah, there is a picture of her! How like, what a capital likeness!"

He paused before a cabinet, unlocked his hands, and took up a huge gilt and silk-brocaded album decorated in the fashion of a frame.

A girl's face looked up at him from between the cupids, roses, and twining love-knots, a face, just as he had described it, sweet, and innocent, and trusting, but almost peculiarly child-like.

The opening of the door behind him, caused him to set down the small object quickly and turn.

The maid had reappeared.

"My mistress is very sorry to be so long, sir, but there has been a little bother over the fit of her dress; she hopes you will excuse her, sir, and here are some papers from the library you may care to see."

"Oh, thank you. Tell Mrs. Mordaunt on no account to disturb herself. I am quite happy, and making myself at home. She must not be surprised if she hears the piano, that is always an amusement for me."

The maid curtseyed and departed, leaving the visitor again alone.

Had he but known it, chance was busy at work again hovering near.

Nora Mordaunt's fate hung on the vagaries of that fickle goddess, who had once before meddled in the affairs of this man.

Her hands were even now fingering at his thread of life, turning and twisting it hesitatingly about, just as he himself was hesitating on the shore of that sea where he had once before been shipwrecked ere he had even started.

Again was he there on the brink, ready to launch forth and bear another with him on its broad, tempting bosom, and while chance shall we call it so?—was giving him these few and, as he deemed them, unimportant minutes, she was really lingering near to repair a mistake she had once caused him to make.

Another interruption. Again the door opened, but not to admit the maid this time. There was the soft swish of silken skirts, the rustle of a woman's sweeping train, a vision of beauty and lustre, then a clear, ringing voice said, as a diamond-crowned head looked back over a gleaming white shoulder:

"Tell Mrs. Mordaunt not to hurry. There is no press for time. Ah!"

The new-comer paused, a swift sudden color flooded face and neck, for one moment the lovely eyes drooped, then, holding out a slim hand, she swept forward, exclaiming:

"Mr. Fanshawe! You! This is unexpected."

"Yes, I suppose it is—Lady Vanestone. You make me feel like a ghost of the past returned at the wrong moment."

He bowed low and gravely over her hand, but with not a vestige of a smile, and when he stood upright again, his face was very pale beneath the bronze.

"I heard you were back, of course; I have heard of you on every side, such a hero, such a lion——"

"Oh, I pray you, go no farther!" he broke in. "You make me feel such an arrant humbug. A man can but do his duty; because it so happens that it is heard of and taken up and flashed about, that is no fault of his.

Many another has done as well and better, only they have not had the—the—well, I suppose it would sound ungrateful to say misfortune?—to be made such a fuss of."

"It would sound feigned humility," she remarked, as she looked him coolly in the face, defying the blushes that still lingered so hotly on her cheeks.

"Every man likes to be praised and made a fuss over, and if he pretend otherwise, well," with a shrug of the shapely white shoulders, "one concludes he is inwardly revelling in his glory, and uses humility as a cloak to hide it."

"You are hard, Lady Vanestone."

"I am candid, Mr. Fanshawe. I mean to sit down. Will not you do the same?"

She sank back into one corner of the long lounge, a sort of Chesterfield couch, deliciously abounding in cushions, and waved her fan towards the other end.

But the man did not obey. He pulled out his watch, adjusted his eyeglass—ah! how well she recollected that familiar action! and carefully scrutinized the face.

"I have waited twenty minutes. I do not think I can wait any longer."

"And yet you appeared to be very comfortably settled here when I came in. Your sudden desire to depart makes me conclude——"

"Never draw conclusions, Lady Vanestone. Believe me, it is not safe."

"No? Well, your desire to rid yourself of my company is so flattering!" she said sarcastically.

"I never flatter."

"So you used to say."

"Nay, now I must retaliate in your own strain. You flatter me. I could not pretend to believe that anything I 'used to say' could have lived so long in Lady Vanestone's memory."

She started, moved a little impatiently, and the diamond butterfly crowning her soft coils of hair trembled and emitted vivid sparks of fire.

"You evidently do not credit me with possessing a good memory. Surely one can remember things a few years?"

"To be exact, eleven years."

"Is it?" she said, turning towards him, as he still stood beside her, propping up his shoulders against the tall chimney-piece. "Times flies."

"And apparently leaves no traces," he added, looking down on the beautiful, calm face beneath his gaze. "No traces! I might say, only adds fresh charm."

"You do not find me altered? I ought to be. I am an old woman now."

"How very old! For 'an old woman,'" with a swift smile as he emphasized the quoted words, "you have worn well, Lady Vanestone."

"I cannot say the same of you; you have altered much."

She raised her eyes then, and looked at him, determinedly meeting his, but hers soon quivered and dropped. The expression of those eyes were too powerful for her.

He laughed, passed his hand over his hair, and said:

"Now, I can truthfully say I am an old man. I am gray, lined and wrinkled, and am forty! That sounds ancient, does it not? There is a staid, elderly ring about forty, that does not echo in thirty-nine."

She did not reply, and a silence fell between them.

"We do not seem to have much to say, and my presence does not appear to add to your comfort, so I will remove it," he began presently.

"No, that is not fair," she exclaimed, with the impetuous girlishness he so well remembered. "You were here first, and possession is everything."

"But not if the possessor freely abdicate!"

"Oh, if you wish to go, pray do so. Do not let me detain you," she said petulantly, rising and sweeping across to the piano. "Only I imagine your business to be pressing, a man's generally is, or he pretends it to be so; of course, a woman never has any business."

He was watching her, watching every movement of the graceful, tall figure, every expression on the changing, bewitching countenance; and as he watched, he knew that he loved this woman still, passionately, faithfully, and that, for him, Nora Mordaunt could never be anything!

She had treated him basely, unfeelingly, casting him aside like a useless foil, so soon as she had trapped her larger prey, but Love is incomprehensible, and often lives more strongly after a deepest stab. And it must ever be so, for Love is deathless.

"Why should you imagine, because you, by chance, find me here, paying an evening call, that business has brought me? Why may not pleasure have to do with it?"

"Decidedly pleasure has to do with it—when Mr. Fanshawe is calling at Mrs. Mordaunt's—and everyone knows that. Only—Nora is away."

He flushed hotly, took up one of the ornaments near him, examined it minutely, and then put it back into its place.

"You think I did not know that? My visit is to Mrs. Mordaunt."

"Oh, I know that." She walked back to the fireplace, and took up her place at the opposite corner. One hand was toying with the row of diamonds that tightly clasped her small throat, the other hung straight and slim beside her.

"And I know more. I am daring, you see; I even risk being told, only politely, of course, with one of those pretty speeches you have learned to make, to mind my own business. I know why you are here. Mr. Fanshawe, I wish you success. And I think you will have it. I know Mrs. Mordaunt very well, so I am behind the scenes."

She held out her hand impetuously, and what could he do but take it? She had pulled off her gloves a while ago, and now he felt again the soft warm touch of those little fingers.

And it was eleven long weary years since last they had lain so tenderly, so confidingly in his!

How foolish he was to let their contact so thrill him, that every strong, steady nerve in his body was set a-tingling, and every drop of blood coursed madly, at fever heat, through his veins!

Was he going to let this chance meeting ruin his plans, alter his future, make him a tool again about a woman who did not care, and never had cared, a fig about him?

She had once; how long ago was it? Yes, eleven years ago, she had once let him make love to her, and in return had played at making love too, for pastime.

No woman's love could last so long, and besides——

He became aware here that he was frowning in a most portentous fashion, not very complimentary to his companion, and that she was watching him now, with a long gaze that looked almost wistful.

But that was imagination. This rich and courted lady, who was so blessed with everything this world could give, could not possibly look wistful about anything!

"I think you might confess to me. Don't you know a woman dearly loves a love story? And, after her own, nothing interests her so much as to be told the unavowed secrets of another. You will find me a sympathetic listener, Mr. Fan-

shame. Old friends ought to have some privileges. Won't you take me into your confidence? I know your secret. Listen to me about it."

His hand was lying still in his, and now she drew him, as if against his will, towards the couch. Like one who yielded to a magnetic touch, he went and sat down there beside her.

"Now begin, or there will be no time."

"And you are sure I shall not bore you? You must have had so often to listen to the outpourings of some poor love-sick soul. 'To see her is to——'" he began to quote, but she interrupted him with:

"The story please. Never mind me."

"The story began a long time ago, Lady Vanestone. I must date it to eleven years back."

She started, flushed, trembled, and tried to draw away her hand. But it was easily clasped in those strong, brown fingers, and she gave up the attempt.

"Yes, a little longer even than that it is since I, to use the old-fashioned phrase, fell in love. I took the fever badly, you see. I had not been subject to often-recurring small attacks, and when it came upon me it laid hold of me, mind, and body, and soul.

"I always was given to doing things in a wholesale manner. I thought the girl loved me. I was unsophisticated, and did not know the ways of the world, perhaps because I had not mixed much with its inhabitants. I mistook play for earnest, one does occasionally forget, in the absorption of a game, that it is but a game after all.

"I forgot, and made it deadly earnest. My tiny opponent in the game did not forget. Of course I was beaten. He who stakes his all on a game often is. Well, I lost. But I had better not go on, Lady Vanestone, for you looked bored, not amused. And it ought to be amusing to hear about a game."

"My looks belie me, I am not bored. Go on."

But she absolutely drew her hand away now, and turned a little from him, leaning her cheek on her hand as her elbow was propped on the arm of the couch.

"I was afraid I should have to leave home, and I summoned up all my resolution and decided to stake everything and risk everything on one final throw. I would tell her I loved her and if she loved me in return, and I believed truly then that she did, she had dissembled so cleverly, and she was so young to be so worldly-clever, she would consent to come with me.

"That prospect was heaven, and it had not been such a brain-turned fool, I should have known that man may not aspire to gain heaven on earth."

He paused, and passed his hand across his eyes. She did not stir; her face was so averted he could only see her ear and the outline of one cheek.

"Well, did you make that throw?"

"No. Chance prevented me, and saved me from betraying to her how she had deluded and befooled me."

"Clarence! What do you mean? Mr. Earnshawe! Bruce! Tell me quickly what do you mean by saying you were prevented."

She had sprang to her feet, and stood before him, with quick-coming breaths that heaved her bosom agitatedly, and her eyes burned darkly and large, while a crimson spot glowed on either cheek. He rose too, and towered tall and broad above her.

"Lady Vanestone, I was mercifully saved just by chance. I went to her house to tell her my little story, and at the door stood a carriage. My rival was before me. But I felt so confident, for I did not understand then, as I have learnt, this game that could be played so differently, I knew he would have to be defeated, and I should step in as——"

"And then I met a friend of hers, who told me that Lord Vanestone was at that moment the accepted suitor for Hope Beaumaine's hand. After that—well, it matters little what occurs."

"A friend told you that! Then that friend lied!"

The vehement words burst from her with a passion born of outraged love.

"" he echoed. "Then it was not true! How I have been deceived!"

"Of how you have wronged me!"

Flinging herself back upon the couch, she hid her face in the cushions.

"Bruce," he whispered, bending over her, "Lady Vanestone, Hope, tell me the truth, that you did love me. The past suffering will be an make-weight if I know that you were true."

"Yes, Bruce, I was true. I loved you as dearly as you loved me. But you left me; what could I do?"

She sat up, dashed the tear-drops from her eyes, and went on:

"It cannot matter now. The love-story has ended; let us tell each other how it ought to have ended. You said to me that night, after Lady Calverton's ball, 'till to-morrow,' do you remember that?"

"Remember! My life has been one vain striving to forget."

"Next day, early, I heard, my mother told me, you were negotiating about some appointment abroad. I knew that and I thought,"—a deep blush overspread her beautiful, agitated face. "Well, I studied the maps a good deal that day, and traced out the journey."

He crimsoned to his temples, and his face worked all over.

"Then Lord Vanestone came, I had to see him. I told him I could not marry him, that I had not thought of him in that way. I was thinking of some one else so much, that I don't recollect what I said. He went, and I waited all that day for you."

"Oh, fool that I was! And I believed the lie of another, and thought you were engaged. I was mad, rushed off to Whitehall, settled up there and then, and started for the North by the mid-night mail. I was desperate, and thought I should go mad."

"I heard you had gone, and how eager you were to get this appointment; what was there for me to do but think you had played with me, then grown tired of the game and thrown it up? After you had sailed, I was mad with wounded pride. I knew Lord Vanestone was a brave, true gentleman, and loved me.

"We met again. You know the end. We were married; he was all that was good and kind to me. But I was a widow six months afterwards."

A short pause followed, unbroken by the slightest movement on either part, then:

"You are still Lady Vanestone?" he asked.

"Yes, still Lady Vanestone, and likely to remain so. How we have foolishly upset ourselves raking up a dead past, but it has cleared up all. Hope Dalmaine stands vindicated in your eyes, does she not? Then we can bury her and her little love-story."

"And we are forgetting Mrs. Mordaunt; I am going with her to the Lyceum. I hate going alone, and Mrs. Mordaunt is very kind and will always go with me, although she does not care for theatres. Will you join us? I have a box, and we shall be glad to have a man to look after us. Ah, I forgot though, you have business. I may be in the way. I know!"—with that sudden impetuosity he so well knew—"you go instead of me. I can plead a woman's unfailing excuse—a headache. And you can settle everything so nicely. I don't think you will fail this time."

"No, I shall not!" he burst out, "for I don't let my chance slip again by dallying. Hope, my darling, my one and only love, as I loved you then, do I love you now, only more truly, more passionately.

"Years of absence have but fostered the growth of my devotion. Oh, I beg of you to hear me now. Do not pause, any moment may bring interruption—speak, tell me that that love has not grown in vain? My darling let this meeting that has come about by chance, repair the past. Will you, at last, be my wife?"

He held out his arms, and she went to him and gave him her answer there, within his close embrace.

Lady Vanestone's box at the theatre was empty that evening.

A FASHIONABLE LADY OF OLD.

We give an extract from the journal of a young lady of fashion, in the fifteenth century, extracted from an ancient MS. preserved in Drummond Castle.

It is that of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterwards Queen to Edward IV., and died in confinement at Southwark, in the reign of Henry VII.

"Monday morning.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows. Rachel, the other dairymaid, having scalded her hand in so dreadful a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

"Six o'clock.—The bottom of Cow's tail much frayed, and hair a little off the udder.

"Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady my mother in the courtyard. Fed twenty-five men and women. Chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will at attending us with broken meat.

"Eight o'clock.—Went to the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle.

"Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Grey, a most comely youth—but what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me; said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good-natured. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it except Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving man in the family. John Grey loves white teeth; my teeth are of a pretty good color, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it: and John's, if I mistake not, is of the same color.

"Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table; the company all desirous of walking into the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with vehemence.

"I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey; he plays at prison bars as well as any country gentleman, and is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and lady, and never misses church on Sunday.

"Three o'clock.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer. Gave no less than four pounds for this benevolent intent. Mem.: Never saw him look so comely as at this moment.

"Four o'clock.—Went to prayers.

"Six o'clock.—Fed the hogs and poultry.

"Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune. Mem.: The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

"Nine o'clock.—The company fast asleep; these late hours very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time; John Grey distracted my thoughts too much the first time; fell asleep, and dreamed of John Grey."

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.—The potato is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Peru, Chili, and Montevideo. The first notice of it by Europeans was in 1588.

It is now spread over a great part of the world. Wheat and rye originated in Siberia and Tartary, where they are now indigenous. Oats are found wild in Abyssinia, and may be justly considered natural to the country.

Maize, or Indian corn, is a native of Mexico and other parts of North America. It was not known in Europe till after the discovery and possession of Mexico by the Spaniards. The bread-fruit tree was first found in Otaheite and other Southsea islands.

Near the close of the last century, it was transplanted in the West Indies. Tea is found only in China and Japan.

The cocoanut is found indigenous in the equatorial regions. Coffee is a native of Arabia, and of that part called Arabia, Felix, but is now grown in the East and West Indies.

The apple is found on most parts of the globe. But in its wild or natural state, it is merely the crab apple, and has been varied and improved by cultivation.

The peach is a native of Persia, but in its natural state is small and bitter, or acrid, and considered unwholesome. Tobacco is a native of South America and of Mexico.

A species of this plant has been lately found in New Holland. Asparagus was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; rice from Ethiopia and from the East Indies, and onions from Africa and some parts of Asia. The sugar cane is a native of China, and the manufacture of sugar was known there from the remotest antiquity.

It was thence carried to Arabia, thence to Egypt, and thence by the Moors into Spain, and thence to the West Indies and Brazil. Many flowers are from Java and Ceylon, from Cappadocia, from Syria and Italy.

We are just as distinct one from another in thought and feeling as in face and form, and if we were not [illegible] afraid of showing our real peculiarities, how would it [illegible] parent. [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

MISS BUTTERCUP.

BY M. B.

"WELL, ladies, what's to pay here?" asked the wind, romping up and over the flower beds like a merry schoolboy, where the gillyflowers, sweet williams, roses red and white, white lilies, and the like swayed and whispered together in the fair early morning, tossing their perfume here and there, like love-poured out from human hearts.

"Well, it's Miss Buttercup crying because she hasn't got a pretty face," said a pert gillyflower.

Poor, little, tear-drenched thing, she did look miserable and sadly out of place among all the respectable, well-to-do garden flowers, lying with her face half hidden on the ground.

"Ah! it's nonsense to cry over that, because beauty lies in the eyes of the one who looks on, and every body is beautiful to somebody, all the world over, even among flowers," answered the wind.

"That's true," said an old toad, who lay under a dock leaf, which ought not to have been there, but it was, and the toad had called it home for a long time.

"I said something much the same to a fellow who photographed me a while ago, when he said I made a poor picture—vile picture were his words. But I didn't he and weep, with my face in the dust, like a silly flower I know of," went on the sly, old fellow, with a wink at Miss Buttercup lying on the ground; "I just said, beauty was a matter of taste, and my eyes were said to be a marvel of beauty, to those who weren't beauty blind, ha! ha! So cheer up my dear," said Mr. Toad, and waddled across to the tearful would-be beauty.

"You don't understand. 'Tisn't because a pretty face I want, as to be something to somebody," said the buttercup, shaking herself pettishly away from the old toad's claw, as he tried to raise her.

"Well, you'll get no beauty lying with your face in that duck's pool of tears and mould," was the half-gruff reply.

"She wants a pretty face like me," tittered a damask rose, with the air of one who knew her own loveliness.

"Then she must speak to Mrs. Bee, she's said to work wonders in the dressing of faces. eh, ladies?" Why, here's the very lady herself," and the wind whistled as over a good joke.

"Now, my dear, rouse yourself and ask away," said Mr. Toad, poking Miss Buttercup till she was fain to look up.

"What is it you want?" buzzed the bee, poising herself with difficulty over their heads a moment, basket [illegible] with a heavy load of honey as she was.

"Here's a buttercup that wants a face like a rose," laughed the teasing wind, yet putting a hand kindly to Mrs. Bee's heavy burden the while, "can you manage it for her?"

"Dear me, no, and it I could I wouldn't thank me. Fancy a red buttercup!" and Mrs. Bee held up her wings in astonishment.

"It isn't that I want you to do, you understand me. Go away, at once, and done; what is it to you?" [illegible] Nothing?" said the wind, [illegible] ground in peevish annoyance.

"Certainly not," said the wind, [illegible] and romped on. Mrs. Bee was busy, the other flowers tittered and [illegible] played merry games with the sunbeams, while the toad crept back to his leaf for his forty winks, or to say [illegible] small fly that came his way.

As for the buttercup, she went on. Presently up came a minstrel cricket with his harp, and setting up his music stand, tuned his harp and began to play and sing.

Then he took up his music-stand, shouldered it and trotted away.

"To live for another is love, sweet love," sighed the Buttercup. "To live badly to live for. Beauty is duty. What I've no duty, and nothing sweet and beautiful about me. Now if I were like all those happy, made-up flowers, playing, [illegible] and [illegible] sunbeams [illegible]."

"Miss Buttercup, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THOUGH STORMS PREVAIL.

BY M. C.

Though storms prevail and skies be gray,
And snows lie white on plain and brae,
Though through bare boughs the cold winds sigh,
In slumber soft the violets lie,
Waiting the springtide's lengthened day.
The rose shall waken flushed and gay,
The lily don her white array,
And larks soar to a cloudless sky,
Though storms prevail.

And, though for us on Life's highway
No roses bloom, no sunbeams play,
Sorrows from us afar shall fly;
We shall not ever grieve or sigh,
But rest in perfect peace for aye,
Though storms prevail!

WOMAN AMONG SAVAGES.

The daughter of Bishop Colenso, famous in the affairs of South Africa, recently spoke of the condition of woman among the Zulus of that section, a question with which she is particularly familiar. In the first place they are not at all down-trodden, she says. As an example of the honor which is paid to the sex, take the fact that women have ruled as great chiefs amongst the Zulus.

Polygamy is of course the custom of the country, but each wife demands and has a separate hut for herself and her children, and it is very much her castle; only the husband has the right to enter it and she need not allow another wife or the children of another wife to cross the doorstep against her wish. It is in a sense her property, not that she could sell it, but she has a dominant ownership. No Zulu would dream of marrying another wife until he was in a position to provide her with a separate hut.

This system imparts a dignity to the wife which is not found amongst polygamous people where a separate home is not provided for each wife. You have none of the petty jealousies and quarrelling which distinguish the harems of the East amongst Zulu women, who as a rule are most friendly to each other, and the many wives of a great chief will live in a little colony of huts, each mistress in her own house and family, and interchanging friendly visits with other ladies similarly situated.

A Zulu reason for polygamy is that a great chief is held to have a duty to his tribe, and a part of that duty is to leave a large family behind him. For example, two of the most considerable of late chiefs, had more than a hundred wives and an immense number of children. It should be remembered that Zulu women do not have large families because of the many wholesome customs which prevail among them. They think it disgraceful if a second child is born before the former one is well into its second year. Then there are no early and improvident marriages. The native Zulu forbids a man or woman to marry without the king's consent, and that cannot be obtained until the man has won his spurs. Permission to marry is granted to men and women at about the same age and they are told off in equal numbers or sections.

While there is freedom of choice amongst the Zulus, there is a restriction that the young people must select one another out of the sections told off to marry, or out of older ones. Courtship among them goes on as it does all the world over, falling out and in again. It varies a little according to the position of the lady, or her inclination. There is a sort of leap-year arrangement which permits a girl to make the proposal of marriage. It is managed with the utmost decorum and secrecy.

For example, if a Zulu girl has set her heart upon a young man she will suddenly disappear from her home—her relations are not supposed to know where she has gone—and taking a confidential friend with her she goes to the home of the favored swain and if his parents receive her she is treated as his future bride, and arrangements for the wedding begin. If she does not find favor with the young man, her visit is not received, she is returned to her own home with thanks, the object of her unrequited attachment usually making a handsome present to ease her feelings.

There is also such a thing as divorce among them. A husband may send his wife back home for misconduct. If this is proved, then the husband takes back the cattle which he gave as a marriage offering. These cattle, however, which a bridegroom hands over to the bride's family are not the price paid for a wife, but merely a kind of hostage for her good conduct. If she misbehaves she goes back to her father and the cattle are returned. The higher the rank of the lady the larger the offering is expected to be. When a great chief marries his principal wife, who is to be the mother of the heir, the whole tribe make the offering to the bride's parents as it is considered a national duty. The marriage law is very strict amongst the Zulus and it is enforced equally on both sexes. Under the old law adultery meant death for the two offenders.

The Zulu relation of parents to their children is a very good one. Honor thy father and thy mother is the first commandment in Zululand, and the custom of each wife having a separate hut conduces to the respect in which children hold their mother. Her will is law in the home and the charge of the family belongs specially to her. So much is the home the wife's castle that she can shut the door against her husband when she chooses. The women do all the field work, except the large tracts which are hoed by the Zulu soldiers in time of peace, consequently the crops belong to the wife and this gives her additional power.

DISCONTENT.—It is curious, when one stops to consider, how many discontented moods grow solely, not out of any tangible hardship in our own lot, but out of some comparison of ourselves with our neighbors. If another man's wife is handsomer, another man's children cleverer, or his business more prosperous, it really seems to affect us in a most unreasonable way. The truth is that his gains are not our losses, and, if all that he has were swept away from him tomorrow, it would add nothing to our store; and yet we indulge in an illogical envy which makes our own fate seem a hundred times harder by its contrast with his, as the black onyx behind it brings out the clear lines of some cameo.

Grains of Gold.

Repentance is a second innocence.

Pay as you go, and keep from small scores.

Grieving for misfortunes is adding gall to wormwood.

Likeness begets love, yet proud men hate one another.

Impose not a burden on others which thou canst not bear thyself.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet.

The higher we are raised, the more prominent are our errors and infirmities.

Kindred weaknesses will induce friendships as often as kindred virtues.

The best atonement for evil deeds is to set about the performance of good ones.

If every man governed himself, there would be no necessity for any other government.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

Femininities.

In Japan dresses are bought by their weight.

The average widow is much like the man that is about to fight a duel. She wants a second.

Lady dentists are springing up all over the United Sates.

"Your wife seems anxious to be up to date, Tugby." "Up to date? She's 'way ahead. She's got a lot of trouble borrowed for year after next."

One in every 50 of the total patents granted in Great Britain last year was applied for by a woman, and one-fifth of these latter related to dress.

Jack: "Grandma, have you good teeth?" Grandma: "No, dear, unfortunately, I have not." Jack: "Then I'll give you my walnuts to keep till I come back."

Pounded seed pearls taken internally—not as "pearl powder"—are held in Damascus and Teheran to make the skin fair and the complexion "moon-like."

She: "I don't believe we can ever be happy together, I——" He: "Well, what's the use of bothering over trifles? What I want is to know if you will marry me?"

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between the meals?" "Have the meals ticker together," replied the young gourmand.

Mr. Henpeck: "I can't see, my dear, what good that border of velvet does round the hem of your skirt." Mrs. Henpeck: "Oh, can't you? Well, it just shows that I can afford it."

A Virginia woman, Mary Baker, was 97 years old not long ago and she celebrated her birthday by going to the wheat field and binding sheaves, which she presented to her relatives as souvenirs.

Washerwomen in Paris never attach themselves to one mistress. There are a certain number of places to which they go every morning, and at these the mistresses hire them for the day.

"My dear," said a mother, annoyed at some incautious remarks of her little girl, "why can't you keep a secret?" "Because," said Little Mischief, demurely, "two of my front teeth are gone, mamma."

Long Wolf, an old Indian warrior on the Upper Columbia River, is the possessor of a lariat made of the hair of white women who have been scalped. It is said to be strong enough to hold a wild buffalo.

A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right, when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter.

Little boy: "That lady gave me some candy." Mother: "I hope you were polite about it." Little boy: "Yes." Mother: "What did you say?" Little boy: "I said I wished dad had met her before he got acquainted with you."

Father: "I'm getting tired of having that young Roller coming here, and want it stopped." Daughter: "I'm sure, father, I do all I can to discourage his visits." Father: "Nonsense! I haven't heard you sing to him once."

"Do be quiet, Johnny; don't you know that there's a visitor in the next room?" said Frances to her little brother. "How do you know? You haven't been in." "But," said Frances, "I hear mamma saying 'my dear' to papa."

Miss Bertha Stoneman, a student in the botanical department of Cornell University for several years, who received the degree of doctor of philosophy there in 1896, has been appointed professor of botany in the Huguenot College in Cape Colony, Africa.

In the Egyptian department of the British Museum is a wooden doll which was found in the sarcophagus of a little royal princess who died three centuries before Christ. Her baby fingers still clasped it when the mummy wrappings were unfolded. This is probably the oldest doll in existence.

Between the beginning and the end of the present century seven queens will have exercised power in Europe—Victoria of England, Maria II. of Portugal, Isabella II. of Spain and her mother the Regent Christina, the present Regent of Spain, Maria Christina, and her Dutch Majesty's mother, the Regent Emma.

Most of the housewives in many provinces of China like a few indigo plants near at hand, sufficient to make a vat of dye for the clothes of the family. Any other color is rarely seen in those provinces. The plants are macerated in wooden tubs, and the resulting indigo is reduced in order to render it soluble.

It appears that in Japan one factor entering into the problem of the choice of a daughter-in-law is her skill in raising silkworms. The thread spun by the silkworm is said to be regular and even in proportion as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother-in-law carefully and minutely examines the evenness of the silk thread in the material of the garments worn by the young lady before giving her assent to the betrothal.

Masculinities.

Look out for the man who makes a specialty of pointing out faults in other folks.

In many other things, as well as in skating over thin ice, our safety is in our speed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has a smoking-room at Lambeth for those of his guests who enjoy the fragrant weed.

A Canadian hotel once had a sign in the reading-room thus: "Gentlemen learning to spell will please take yesterday's paper."

Though a simple and unaffected monarch, King Oscar of Sweden is the sovereign who makes use of his crown most frequently.

A Chinese custom is the throwing into the ocean of thousands of pieces of paper when friends are about to sail away. Each piece bears written on it a prayer.

In a sermon at Salina, Kansas, on a recent Sunday, the Rev. J. H. Lockwood said: "Let us give a man a little more taffy when living, and not so much epitaffy when he is dead."

She: "Yes, Henry, our engagement is at an end, and I wish to return to you everything you have given me." He: "Thanks, Blanche! You may begin at once with the kisses."

The relatives of Joseph Sullivan, who died in Oakland, Cal., recently, and was seven feet eight inches in height, have put a guard over his grave, fearing that a showman will steal his body.

Edward Everett Hale said recently that he believes that the thorough training in Latin given the Boston boys from 1635 to 1775 had much to do with that city's reputation as a literary center.

Although the Czar of Russia receives no salary, he manages to keep the wolf from the door. His income arises from 1,000,000 square miles of land, which he inherits with the crown. He averages $30,000 a day.

What you attempt do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

Wife: "To-morrow is your birthday, darling, and I am going to stop at the jeweler's and buy you a present." Her hubby: "Get something cheap, pet; I haven't paid him for my last birthday present yet."

"I wouldn't swear that way," said the kind-looking old lady, mildly. "Bless your soul, ma'am, you couldn't! It takes years of cab-drivin' to come anywhere near it," responded the man whose horse had shied across the car-track.

"Please, ma'am, it was two minutes after nine when you got here. When we're late you always keep us after school," said the smart boy. "Very well," said the teacher, "you can all stay and keep me after school, if you wish." The smart boy subsided.

Great statesman: "I have just received a letter from my brother. He has failed in business again. No matter what he tries, he fails utterly. Singular, isn't it?" Ordinary citizen: "Well, if he is too incompetent for any trade, business, or profession, why in the world doesn't he go into politics?"

At Boistrudan, near Rennes, France, the parish priest informed his congregation recently that he was going to take a vacation in order to do penance for his sins. He then worked for three days, breaking stones on the public highways, after celebrating mass at 1 o'clock in the morning, living on bread and water during the whole period.

A good story of the late novelist R. L. Stevenson was recently told by Dr. Conan Doyle. Mr. Stevenson, he said, having asked him to visit Samoa, Dr. Doyle said he should be only too willing if the way to get there were pointed out to him. "Oh, said Mr. Stevenson, "you go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then it's the second turning to the left."

A good story was told of an old man who had endured many of the ills of life in his long journey. His friends, upon one occasion more trying than usual, condoled with him, saying that he really had more troubles than other men. "Yes, my friends, that is too true. I have been surrounded by troubles all my life-long. But there is a curious thing about them—nine-tenths of them never happened.

Colonel Cockburne, late of the British army, rose from the rank of a private soldier to that of Commander-in-Chief at St. Helena. One morning, upon a review of the garrison troops, he discovered a soldier whose dress was disgracefully soiled. The colonel, stepping up to him, demanded, in a haughty tone, "How dare you, you rascal, appear so dirty? Your shirt is as black as ink. Did you ever see me in such a plight when I was a private?" "No, may it please your honor, I never did," replied the trembling culprit, "but then, to be sure, your honor's mother was a washerwoman."

Latest Fashion Phases.

There never was a time when the custom of dividing the year into four definite seasons of fashion held good and this year perhaps less than ever. It is all very well for the authorities or the calendar to label the seasons Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, but they should take into consultation the clerks of the weather, for we do not get our heat and cold parcelled out in this convenient fashion, and there are about three seasons in the year when no one knows what to buy, what to wear, or when to wear it.

It would be much more comfortable, of course, if we could say in November we will positively wear fur and velvet, in February we will go into thin tweeds, in May we will wear our muslins bravely, and in August we will devote ourselves to serge; but what mistakes we should make, and how uncomfortable we should be! How we should freeze and boil at the wrong moments! No, there is no doubt about it that we need a new calendar which shall be devoted entirely to suitable frocks for each week.

But what is the use of being sympathetic without being practical. The great point of the story is: what are we to wear at the present moment? One gown seen was of black and white striped silk. It had a flounce of ecru and lace put on in a square shape, with pointed ends round the small decolletage from a band of finely-cut jet, this jet also forming the belt, while lace frills fell from the sleeves over the hands. Nobody can deny that that would make an effective dress, and, crowned with one of the straw toques in cream, trimmed at one side with a white paradise plume and a rosette of pale turquoise-blue velvet, the entire result would be charming.

But there are other materials suited for immediate wear besides cashmere and striped silk, and amongst them, of course, is the perennially popular serge, but we are rather tired of the simple coat and skirt of serge; this we have loved now persistently for some years.

An attractive variety of frock serge was made of china blue, braided to match with a little sac bolero and waistcoat with pointed collar trimmed with braid, showing a smaller vest and scarf of soft white silk. The belt to this is of white suede, and the sleeves are covered with braiding. Such a dress as this should be completed with a plain straw hat with a black ribbon or with a cornflower blue sailor hat wreathed with cornflowers and put on a bandeau at one side covered with little rosettes of blue glace silk.

Another dress was a blue cashmere, with insertions of lace on the hem, a lace bolero fastened with a diamond button, and lace sleeves. The small piece at the neck could, for dear prudence sake, be covered with a folded fichu when we take our evening walks abroad, to the sound of the more or less inspiring band.

The underbodice should be of cashmere, and a small pale blue toque of straw trimmed with a couple of black feathers would be an excellent finishing touch.

By the way, talking of feathers, one novelty this week was a remarkably pretty hat in a dove-gray felt, trimmed with shaded mauve satin ribbons and a large bunch of green cocks' feathers fastened with a diamond buckle.

If this is to be among the new order of hats for the autumn, then shall we find some cause to be grateful to the authorities, for it is a model which has the picturesque charm of a large hat and the convenient dimensions of a small one.

A dress in red serge had the inner waistcoat made of coarse Irish lace or of white cloth braided; the bodice on either side decorated with gold buttons; round the waist a belt of white kid buckled with gold, and the lines on the skirt and the sleeves formed of pipings of red serge.

To complete a sailor hat of bright red, with a scarf of red chiffon round the crown and a group of red wings at one side.

The liking for grays of every tone seems to be likely to survive the summer, and extend into the autumn and winter. The chief favorite appears to be dove-color, or quaker-gray. But it seems very needful to select our tone of gray, for some of them are only suitable to the very young, while others look best with a gray head. There is a soft, bluish gray, which seems to suit every one, and with which pink can be mingled with excellent effect. Next to gray, pink is the favorite color for hats and bonnets, as well as dresses, and the third favorite is blue, of that rather cold cornflower shade, that seems rather unbecoming to most people.

In a gray cloth gown with one of the new Eton jackets with revers the front is of white satin, with chiffon over it, and narrow black velvet. Braiding will be much used for these gowns this autumn, and two or even three different widths of braid will be employed; or, perhaps, graduated rows of braid in widths varying from wide to narrow.

The new materials have made their appearance. One is called serge pique, and the other is a shot silky fabric called moire mousseline.

The drab and fawn cloth capes seem likely to be still worn, and there was a novel jacket made of fawn cloth, braided with the same, which, though said to be for bicycling, seems likely to have a wider scope in the autumn. The front was Eton-like, with a waistcoat under it, braided in horizontal lines, and the back was plain, but cut with a basque, which extended to the sides underneath the arms. Round the waist was a band, which went underneath at the sides, and did not show in the front at all.

The white and drab jackets will be very popular this autumn, and will be cut a little shorter, with, perhaps, velvet collars, and revers of a darker shade than the cloth of the jacket.

The use of fancy silks of all kinds has been much noticed during the last year, and this year they were more tempting when seen in the shops than ever. They make a very useful gown, and are smart, without being expensive. Shepherds' plaid seems to be a favorite amongst them, as well as gray, and a very dark blue.

Horizontal tucks, which are thin lace-edged, are very much seen. They are arranged in groups of threes and fours, and there is quite a space between the groups. The tucks are not narrow, about an inch wide, and were edged with cream colored lace.

Black and white headgear seems to be likely to remain in favor, and there are various ways of using white wings, and black wings, that make the hats look extemely stylish and chic. Poppies of pink, with black middles, and of mauve, with the same, are very much used in juxtaposition; and blue poppies with wonderful greenish-blue leaves are worn, to trim blue hats, mixed with blue chiffon or tulle.

Sashes have gained in favor within the last month or so. Some of the prettiest are of white, pale pink, and very pale blue, with chine designs widely scattered over them. These are about six inches wide, and have a large knot at the waist, at the back, and not a bow.

The newest veils have very small spots thickly scattered over the net, the latter being in large meshes. Very pale pink tulle veils are being worn with pink and red hats; and also mauve and blue tulle used for the same purpose. Veils of washing-net have had a revival, and are now more used with sailor hats than anything else.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To make an exhaustive list of every-day household difficulties and offer redress for the same would be an interesting but endless task. Let us mention things at random as they occur. For instance, who is ever perfectly satisfied with the manner in which knives are kept? They are certainly not an inexpensive item, and for that major reason should receive a maximum of care. Now, what is it that generally happens? You buy a good set of kitchen knives, and, proud of the fact, you contemplate shortly doing the same for the dining-room table—so far, so good.

And, by the way, those who do this are to be congratulated; as well-cared-for cutlery is an item no one ever fails to admire, and of which every housewife should be duly proud. As to knives for kitchen use they are too often neglected by the average housewife, who thinks but little of the importance of providing her cook with such things.

By "kitchen" I mean not only those needed for the table, but especially such as every culinary operator requires for the better carrying out of her daily work. To these belong the small sizes for quick and economical peeling of vegetables; larger ones, thin-bladed and handy, for removing skin and gristle from certain pieces of meat, such as the breast of veal, etc., in short, for every contingency that has to be provided for. Now, as a rule, these most necessary implements are generally treated as if the whole object for which they had been manufactured was to make them blunt as speedily as possible!

There is, of course, a sweeping and elementary rule which is fairly followed, viz: that the handle, whether it be costly or simple, must never be immersed in water; but this is by no means all that can be done to prolong the cutting powers of the article in question.

First, they should be washed as soon as possible after use; all acids, greasy substance, salt, etc., have an absolutely deleterious effect upon the steel, and impair its sharpness. The simplest, and, indeed, the most generally satisfactory, treatment is this:

Have an old soft cloth, and with it at once wipe the blade quite free from the substance which happens to be upon it, then merely dip it into lukewarm water and rub it dry.

If anyone thinks it worth while to try this plan upon good new knives, she will not fail to see how much longer they will remain in good condition, and how rarely they will need sharpening.

If the blade should remain very greasy after the dry wiping recommended above (and this is rarely the case), lukewarm soda water should be used; but the whole point of the proceeding is that it should be prompt—i.e., that the blade should not be left in the water, but merely dipped in.

The next stage is also a source of difficulty—viz., the brightening of the blade. Really, where there is no first-class machine, or where the servant is not very experienced and systematical the primitive knife board may be recommended most emphatically; with the help of emery powder, or even the old-fashioned pounded and finely-sifted brickdust, the result cannot fail to be good.

Moreover, this mode of cleaning greatly contributes to maintaining the sharpness of the blade. The board also enables the operator to rub up the back of the blade, and allows of cleaning right up to the haft.

Nothing can be more detrimental to the finish of an otherwise well-appointed table than an imperfectly cleaned knife. The handles must also be rubbed up with a leather, and last, but not least, the pantry drawer or box (but the former is far preferable) should be lined with wash-leather, which can be fixed in (and easily removed for cleaning) by means of strong drawing pins.

All steel knives which are not in daily use should be kept slightly greased with oil or vaseline. It is a good plan, too, to use older ones alternately with newer ones; in this way the difference between the two is not so apparent when they are all on the table at the same time.

Another source of annoyance is the daily tablecloth. This has a dreadful habit of getting crumpled unless regular precautions be taken to prevent it—and what is more wretched or suggestive of the unfriendly "furnished apartments," and their too often slovenly waitresses?

The simplest way to avoid the untidy cloth is, of course, to have a press; still, not only is this useful apparatus not in the possession of everyone, but in flats and chambers, etc., where space is such a consideration, it becomes a difficulty to place it.

A very satisfactory substitute can be contrived on a shelf a little wider than the folded cloth most frequently in use. A plain deal board to match this shelf, and weighted with some strips of lead, will complete one of the most necessary adjuncts to the most modest pantry.

Cloths thus cared for last clean double the time, and always look nice. The plan of having different cloths for breakfast and lunch from those used for late dinner is to be recommended.

Talking of table linen recalls stains, which will appear at all seasons of the year, though perhaps more so when fruit is the order of the day. A fruit stain must be treated at once.

At its earliest stage it can easily be dealt with, but on no account must it be touched with soap or salt. Soak it first in cold, then in hot water, then sprinkle the affected part with strong hot vinegar, rub it in well, and rinse it out thoroughly. This last operation is one which cannot be sufficiently insisted upon wherever stains are concerned.

White crepons or cashmeres, by the bye, which have been so universally worn last summer, lose their freshness very quickly, and unless a cleaner be specially competent the result produced by him is not always in proportion to the amount charged. These materials can, however, be treated at home with excellent results.

Heat in the oven a large bowl of sifted potato meal, and with this simple preparation rub the material in question with the same movement as would be resorted to in ordinary washing; afterwards lightly brush off all the meal, shake out the material, and, should it be quite clean, repeat the operation with some hot, dry flour.

To clean matting, let it be taken up from the floor—that is the first desideratum; hang it up in a suitable place well within reach of the operator, and let it be lightly and deftly brushed over with a mixture of coarse salt dissolved in very little hot water; the brush should be fairly hard and not too wet, and the matting should then be allowed to dry as quickly as possible in the open air. The sunnier or drier the day the better the result will be.

CHINESE HOMES.—All Chinese dwellings, from the palace of the Emperor to the cabin of the humblest wood cutter, are much alike in style; the flat projecting roofs tilting up at the angles recalling the tents of their nomadic ancestors. The interior of the Chinese home is highly artistic and luxurious.

The vestibule of the house is frequently lined with lacquered panels from floor to ceiling. Chinese lanterns hang from silken cords, rich consoles of carved ivory stand in the corners and support vases or bronzes of incomparable beauty. The flower of the blue lotus, the symbol of welcome to the stranger, rises from each of these vases.

Columns often glittering with gold mark the interior doors, which otherwise are masked by silken tapestries or curtains of marvellous embroidery. The rooms are decorated with magnificent glasses, gilt work, carvings and mosaics.

The smallest seat is frequently a masterpiece of inestimable value. Everywhere lacquer, ivory, and gold enrich the eyes. The partitions do not always join the ceiling, but the opening above is draped with sumptuous hangings.

Verandahs run round the house, and in these the family spend most of the day, surrounded with lovely flowers and birds of brilliant plumage. The windows having only panes of oiled paper are generally open by day.

At dusk a thousand paper lanterns are lit as by enchantment both within and without. It is the hour of the common "tea," when the family is reunited after the work of the day.

COMICAL PORTRAITS.—A capital evening game next winter may be made by the assistance of a collection of any of the newspapers which furnish portraits of celebrities of a uniform size.

Cut out all the portraits, and leave a handsome margin. Paste them separately on cards, and press them till dry. Afterwards color them according to fancy. They must be pressed till dry again. A dish or pile of books is sufficient weight. Now proceed to cut them in three pieces, across the face, dividing them all at the same places.

Number them on the backs, so that each portrait can be reunited at will. By moving a piece at a time, the widow's cap of a lady may surmount the head and beard of an officer, a judge's wig or a pair of mustaches adorn a lovely girl, etc.

A similar game may be made by anyone who can draw a little. Copy or trace a number of heads of all kinds, grave and grotesque; color them; cut out the eyes, noses, and mouths. Then draw on fresh paper a number of featureless faces, coloring the flesh, hair, and eyes like those from whence you have taken the features.

Thin card is best. Put the eyes in one bag, the noses in another, and the mouths in a third. Deal them to the party, and let each make up the faces to fancy, placing the features in the blank countenances. Each face should be quite as large as a sheet of note-paper, each eye about an inch long.

This game is one of a class which amuses from the incongruities produced, and, appealing to the taste for caricature so general among young folks, never fails to excite considerable laughter.

About Bagdad.

BY H. V. G.

THE glory of Bagdad is, alas! a thing of bygone days; its wonderful caliphs are no more; and all the magicians, genii, calenders, mysterious barbers, tailors, and such-like folk, of whom we read in the Arabian Nights, have taken themselves elsewhere, greatly to the loss of the city. But to an American it is still a most interesting place, for though things modern and occidental are rapidly supplanting things ancient and oriental, the spirit of romance still dwells in the city, and renders it full of glorious possibilities.

The contrast between old and new institutions is in some cases very marked. For instance, a bridge of boats usually connects that part of the town which is situated on the western bank with the principal part, which is on the eastern bank of the Tigris; but during the time that this bridge was broken away by the floods several steam-launches were run as ferry boats, and it seemed altogether incongruous to see these fussy little boats puffing across the mighty and historical river, crowded with dignified Turks and Arabs.

Sometimes a regular wild Bedouin would be amongst the passengers, maintaining an outwardly stoical air, but inwardly, no doubt, regarding the little boats as inventions of the devil; and their noisy sirens (which it apparently afforded the Turkish captains great pleasure to use, for they were kept going nearly all day) made one very inclined to agree with him, and wish them back at their maker's.

In the Bazzar the same struggle for existence may be observed on the part of the old fashioned ways and products of the East against innovations of recent invention; but the march of "progress" is unwavering and all-conquering, and it is now only a question of time ere Bagdad will be ruined by too much civilization.

In the native goods themselves strange anomalies are sometimes seen. Most lovely embroidery work will be put upon cotton of very inferior quality; and in the bazaar the writer noticed a pair of dagger-sheaths tipped with common steel thimbles.

Another queer sight is that of a grave old Turk sitting in his stall running up some gorgeous flowing robe, of unmistakable oriental cut and pattern, with a sewing machine. Imagine some of these magnificent robes, such as Sinbad the Sailor doubtless wore, being made with the aid of a modern fifty-dollar sewing-machine!

It is curious, too, in the shoemakers' stalls to see the pointed yellow or crimson native slippers and boots ranged side by side with French patent-leather shoes, so dear to the heart of the Turkish effendi, and stout goloshes; or in the saddlers' stalls to notice the trim European or Bombay saddles lying next to some gorgeous Arab trappings of blue or crimson velvet, covered with gold embroidery.

The gold and silversmiths' bazaar is another quarter full of fascination for Europeans. It is in a most out-of-the-way part, and entered through a very low and narrow doorway, which, in turn, connects with a short alley, so that its defence would be easy in case of any rioting or disturbance.

The bazaar is really a series of stalls or arched chambers situated round the sides of an oblong, and faced by another series which are built in the centre of this oblong, between which rows of little dens, for they are really nothing more, runs a narrow pathway for those having business with the merchants.

This footpath is uncovered, and as it gets all the drippings from the roof of the stalls, in addition to the rain which falls direct upon it, and as there is apparently no system of drainage or sanitation in the whole place, its state, as may be readily understood, is not pleasant.

The Bagdad goldsmith makes no display of his wares; it would probably be unsafe. He keeps his chains, rings, and bangles, together with whatever precious stones he possesses, in small drawers, or boxes, which can be readily picked up and carried to a place of safety in an emergency; or sometimes he will carry about a few of the stones in a purse, and let his customers select therefrom what they will have fitted into the rings or whatever they may be purchasing.

A great many Brummagem gems and Parisian artificial stones find their way to Bagdad, and the wily Oriental frequently gets the better of his customers, despite the delightful air of naïve simplicity he assumes while offering a magnificent (English made) ruby for sale as a "rare bargain."

The Bagdad jewelry certainly lacks finish in many of its practical points, such as the hinge of a bracelet or the catch of a watch-chain; but its quaintness of design, and the knowledge that it is all handwork, more than compensates for any little defects of such a nature.

The gold the natives work in is generally much purer and softer than that of the foreign goldsmiths, and it is difficult to get harder metal used.

Even more interesting than the silversmiths' bazaar are the quarters of dealers in antiques. The demand for such things, and the high prices which have been given for them by Europeans has led to forgeries, of which great numbers are to be found.

When taken to task for offering you a forged article, the dealers not uncommonly admit their intention to defraud you, and express admiration of your cleverness in finding them out—which again shows the curious "principles" of trading.

In walking about the markets one has to be very careful not to get knocked down by horsemen or the laden donkeys, which latter never seem to get out of anybody's way.

The donkeys of Bagdad are very different animals from the breed one sees in England, and are often larger than those of Egypt, which are so famous; most of them are imported from Bahrein, and are not only larger and finer animals, but also seem much more intelligent than the donkeys of other parts.

The mules, too, are remarkably fine animals, some being larger than horses and far more valuable, which considering their greater hardiness and longer lives is not surprising.

The streets being so narrow and ill-paved, it is only natural that there are remarkably few wheeled conveyances in Bagdad, the only things in the way of carts being those in use by the military, which are lumbering heavy things, apparently a hundred years old.

There are also a few carriages belonging to the consuls and some of the Turkish high dignitaries; but they generally look as if they were put out of use from some very bad jobbing stable in the early part of the century, and had never been painted, upholstered, or even dusted since.

The place of carts is taken by porters, who will carry enormous loads, and pack animals, which of course add greatly to the picturesque side of the life of the place.

The streets are infested with scavenger dogs, which manage to pick up a living somehow and are certainly worthy of remark. They are of the type common to so many Eastern towns and cities; are generally the size of a collie, with thick coats of all colors, of which the most common are brown, sable, yellow and brown, and white.

In many respects they are not unlike a collie in general appearance; but they carry their tails curled over their backs, their coat is more furry, and the head shorter and broader.

The Turks treat them, of course, without much consideration; but without them to act as scavengers in the streets the place would indeed be in a fearful state, and most dreadfully unhealthy, so that they are really valuable public servants.

One of the most salient features of Bagdad is its number of coffee-houses, where crowds of lazy Orientals sit and smoke their narghiles, and sip strong black coffee and arak, as the case may be. In the evening the passers-by may hear the droning songs of which the Arabs are so fond, or the music (?) of the tom tom, for then the dissipation of the place reaches its height.

The arrangements in these places of public refreshment are generally of the simplest kind: a number of low tables are placed all over the room, which generally opens directly into the street, upon which side it is quite open in order to afford a good view of the passers-by and any interesting thing that may go on outside; and on either side of them are wooden benches, sometimes provided with a few cushions, but more often not, on which the patrons sit, cross-legged of course. The coffee is as often as not prepared at a low open fire in the same room, which is generally paved only with mud and entirely devoid of covering.

His narghile and his black coffee are apparently the great pleasures of life to the Turk; and indeed they play no small part in the business of life as well, for on all occasions of calls upon any official, or in any matter of business, black coffee is served in tiny cups; and as it is generally of excellent quality, the custom is far from an unpleasant one.

In the way of ancient buildings Bagdad has nothing very startling; almost all the houses and bazaars are interesting; but nothing rises above the average, although on the western side of the river stands a tomb, reputedly that of Zobeidah, wife of Haroun al-Raschid, who did so much for the glory of Bagdad. There are several mosques, each picturesque in its way; but nothing to be compared to those of Constantinople for instance.

The European colony is a small one, but their life is far more agreeable than might be thought possible in that out-of-the-way place.

The riding in the summer is simply magnificent, according to all accounts, and the river affords plenty of opportunities for boating; although both exercises have to be taken in the cool of the day—the former in the very early morning, and the latter generally in the evening, when the evening breeze (which is quite regular) renders the temperature bearable.

One of the greatests pests of the place is an eruption known as the "Bagdad boil," from which natives and Europeans alike suffer, and even the poor dogs and other animals have something of the sort.

This horrible boil makes its appearance in the summer, generally attacking men on the legs or arms, and women on the face, as if bent on doing the utmost evil possible; and resists every attempt at curing it, finally only leaving its victims at the approach of winter.

Even then it leaves a very deep scar behind it, which is a life-long disfigurement, so that it is a small wonder that "the boil" is quite a terror.

It is very rare to see a native who is not disfigured by one or more of these terrible scars or sores; but the curious side of the affair is that it is only the dwellers in the towns who appear subject to the evil.

Whether it arises from the bad water supply, the lack of proper (or indeed of any) sanitation, or simply from the overheating of the blood, and physical exhaustion produced by the climate, is hard to say; but it is certain that any medical man who would take up the subject thoroughly, and discover a remedy for the trouble, would earn for himself not only substantial pecuniary benefit, but the heart-felt gratitude of all whose calling takes them into the parts infested with the trouble.

The picturesque is on every side: the real seems unreal, and the unreal real. From the flat roof you can see the women in the neighboring houses, or in the courtyards, engaged in their various duties, such as grinding the corn, winnowing it, making and baking the bread, and so forth.

On some of the roofs you can see one or two sheep feeding on cut grass that is piled before them; on others a graceful gazelle, a goat, will be tied, with which the children of the house are playing, or amusing themselves by teasing, as the case may be; and in most of the yards poultry and a few pigeons strut about.

From some of the quaint lattice windows bright eyes shine out, and your vivid imagination pictures the glorious creature to whom they belong; but candor compels me to add that if you obtain a sight of her it is generally only to cruelly dispel any ideas of her beauty that you may have built up for yourself.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Recipes for the cure of insomnia are as common as for the cure of colds. You discover that each one of your friends and acquaintances has his own favorite remedy, warranted effectual. Very tantalizing are these cures that bear such splendid records, are so simple in themselves, and yet prove so aggravatingly futile when you come to try them for yourself.

Some of us, I am happy to say, hardly ever seriously need one of them. We were probably dormice in some former stage af our evolution, and—given the proper time and place—could go asleep with our heads in teapots, our heels in the air, and March hares and hatters hanging on to our legs. But then, to counterbalance this, heavy sleeps can generally cram as much misery into a single sleepless night as an ordinary light sleeper would spread over a whole week.

Not that such nights invariably bring misery, even to a heavy sleeper, when they come but one at a time. For instance, there is the night of delightful travel, when you are being carried onward luxuriously through scenery that would be lovely even by starlight, but that in the bright moonlight looks simply glorious; or across the tranquil summer sea, with the foam and wake of your vessel aflame with living fire; or, better still, when every revolution of the screw, every throb of the railway-engine, or every step of the horses brings you so much the nearer to your dearest on earth.

There is the night of joyful looking forward, when you cannot sleep for the increasing anticipation of the triumph you are to realize, the new scenes you are to witness, the long-parted friend whose hand you are to clasp, the bride you are to make your own.

There is the night passed, not in bed, but in your easy-chair, eagerly discussing some matter of engrossing interest, while you see your opponent bereft of his limbs one after another, and finally left without a leg to stand on.

And even for a succession of nights, there are those spent in needful labor, as you toil at your press, your pen, your engine, or whatever may be the means whereby you perform your share in keeping the world sweet, and wholesome, and habitable for your fellow-men, and—with your brother night-livers—give the day-livers due return for their care of your daily rest.

We all know the sham sleepness night, when we think we have been awake, and on the strength of the impression inform our friends in perfect good faith that we have not slept a wink the whole night.

And yet somehow the night has passed pretty quickly for all that, and every time we got a light to look at our watch, we found that the hands had taken a leap not easily to be accounted for.

But one really bad sleepless night can cause misery enough. Even the curtain-lecture night is not to be too lightly spoken of. Let us draw a veil—a curtain, rather—over it, and say no more. Blessed bachelorhood that knows it not, but can retire, unmolested and unrebuked, to its pillow, and sleep the sleep of the just!

But take, for instance, the bilious night, when the burden of good eating weighs heavily on you, and you lie in a state of mental as well as bodily indigestion.

Every mistake you have ever had the misfortune to make, not to mention every actual fault you have ever committed, seems to be present; and each is brought up by an attendant imp, whose office is to point out how easily you might have avoided it.

Every wrong done you, down to all the real or fancied slights you have ever suffered, rises in your mind, for the most part grotesquely exaggerated. Your unpaid bills, your overdue subscriptions, your children's education, your taxes, all come climbing over you.

Akin to those nights, though rather different at first, is the night of wakefulness caused by strong tea or other stimulant. You lie (if you go to bed at all) with your mind full of the most brilliant plots, the profoundest arguments—but don't you just pay for them all next day?

There is another night, too, the night of hopeless watching; when you sit as the hours drag from their march on the pitiless clock-face on to the next, and on to the next, while beside you lies all that earth holds for you of light and love; and the eyes grow dimmer, as the hands point to the descending figures; and then—when the darkness is deepest, and the life of the world a whole world's breadth away, at last comes the end.

A Mr. Cross, of Chicago is said to run a bird hotel, and offers board and lodging to all sorts and conditions of birds at a fixed and moderate tariff. Parrots, it seems, are hearty feeders, and their board is comparatively high. Their lodging and table-board cost their owner 50c. a week; mocking birds, being rather more moderate in their appetite, are taken in at 35c.; while canaries, being of quite a frugal disposition, find food and shelter for 25c. a week, the latter sum in their case including a bath.

Humorous.

HOW TO LIVE HAPPY.

If you can't live as well as your neighbor close by,
Why grumble and growl till you tire;
If a friend doesn't see you, and passes you by,
Let it rouse up your innermost ire.
If you're slighted by any one, no matter whom,
Though you care not a penny for them,
You must sputter and spurt, talk of filth and of dirt,
And the whole blessed public condemn.

If business is dull, or work comes in slack,
Why, snivel and snort, and swear;
It will do you much good at the end of your course,
For you're sure to find everything there.
If the girl that you like should flirt or should jilt,
Go hang yourself high, without fail;
It's the only real cure for what you endure,
And ends up your terrible tale.

—C. N. NOYE.

Men who make money by the barrel—Coopers.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women want to be stage managers.

Cawker: "I've had another addition to my family since I saw you last."

Cumso: "You don't say! Boy or girl?"

Cawker: "Son-in-law."

He, earnestly: "Am I the first man you ever kissed?"

She: "Of course you are. How stupid men are! I never knew one who didn't ask that."

"And the divorce laws are so very liberal in your section?"

"Liberal? Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."

A man who cracked a railway torpedo with a hammer says he will not repeat the operation "as long as he lives," and, as he is not expected to live longer than three days, his friends believe him.

"So you feel you cannot marry him?"

"Yes; I am fully decided."

"Why? Don't you like him?"

"Oh, I like him well enough; but I can't get him to propose!"

"There will be one advantage about the horseless carriage," said Miss Maud Ethel. "It won't mistake the sound of a kiss for a chirrup to go faster, and compel the young man to grab the reins with both hands."

Mrs. Croaker, indignantly: "Why, you used to say that I sang like a bird before we were married!"

Mr. Croaker: "Yes; but you don't often hear birds singing in their nests, and you're at it all the time."

"There's one thing," he said, jeeringly, "men never get together and talk about one another the way women do."

"No," she answered; "I don't think they do. There is nothing interesting to say about them."

Customer: "Here, don't you guarantee a perfect fit or everything that goes from your place?"

Tailor: "Certainly. Is there anything you wish altered?"

Customer: "Yes. Cut down this bill. It's too large for my pocket-book."

"No," said the young woman, haughtily, in response to his request as they sat on the porch in the twilight, "I will not let you hold my hand. I don't believe in such conduct for a young lady. And, besides," she added, after a pause, "it isn't dark enough yet."

"Your daughter? It is impossible! Why, you look more like twin sisters."

"No, I assure you she is my only daughter," replied the pleased mother. And the polite old gentleman spoiled it all by remarking:

"Well, she certainly looks old enough to be your sister."

"I remember you very well," said the hotel keeper, "but your wife has grown very thin."

"Yes."

"She was taller."

"Yes."

"And lighter complexioned, was she not?"

"Yes. Besides, you know, it is not the same wife."

Something whizzed through the air at a distance of about ten feet from the head of William the Conqueror.

"Wasn't that an arrow?" asked the monarch.

"It went rather too wide for a harrow," said the court jester, and from that moment his office began to lose in importance and expectability.

"How are you getting on?" asked Yeast of young Crimsonbeak, whom he met in the street the other day.

"First rate," was the young man's reply.

"What are you doing?" further queried Yeast.

"I'm a medical director in an institution."

"A medical director!"

"Yes, you see I direct envelopes in a patent-medicine house."

"Oh!"

FREAKS AND FOIBLES.

Given the choice between two things, a sickly mind and a sickly body, the wise man would take the latter. Much may be done for bodily infirmities; but who can "minister to a mind diseased"? A morbid brain is hopeless.

Perhaps there are more sickly minds than sickly bodies. At all events, the number of those whose mental faculties have a morbid cast is very large. Among them is a gentleman who for nearly twenty years has had a passion for attending murder trials.

He is a familiar figure in many widely-separated courts of justice, where he is always an interested spectator when a man or woman is tried on the capital charge.

When, some five or six years ago, a notorious prisoner reached the last stage of his public career, the gentleman in question was taken ill, and consequently he could not attend the trial.

This was a heavy blow to him. After much vain repining, he resolved to send somebody to represent him—somebody who would give him a full and true account of the prisoner's demeanor in the dock and bearing on being sentenced.

And the humor of it is that he actually found somebody who undertook the commission. The newspaper accounts of the occurrence ought to have been sufficient for him; but then he could not ask the newspapers questions.

Another gentleman has a somewhat similar weakness, collecting, as he does, mementoes of murders. On one occasion, after failing to secure anything else, he gave five dollars for a worthless cat which had been in a room where a crime was committed.

At another time he paid a fancy price for a wringing machine against which a woman's skull had been battered. He has even been known to buy blood-stained bricks and stones.

All such gruesome articles are carefully housed in a chamber of horrors, to which few of the owner's personal friends can gain admittance.

Equally strange is the hobby of a third retired gentleman. He had already a roomful of books dealing with one subject—death—and he is constantly adding to his collection.

Besides the bound volumes, he possesses a number of portfolios containing printed accounts of the last moments of the famous, which he has cut from hundreds of works.

Other morbid-minded people of one idea find a singular attraction in cemeteries. A middle-aged lady, for instance, visits a certain burial ground nearly every morning in the year to see if any funerals are going to take place there during the day.

If there are to be any interments in the afternoon, she is invariably present at them. So well does she know the men employed at the necropolis that she always gives each of them a present at Christmas.

Very many poor folk have a positive mania for attending funerals. Only a few months ago a poor woman asked her husband for one dollar, that she might visit a town thirty miles away and see the burial of a public man, whose death she had seen recorded in an evening newspaper.

He refused to give her the money, telling her not to be so foolish. Somehow the idea of witnessing this particular funeral took possession of her. She had attended so many that she could not bear the thought of missing this one.

Scraping together sufficient to travel one way, she went to the place referred to by train, saw the interment, and then walked back, reaching home, dog-tired and footsore, at two or three o'clock the following morning.

There used to be a trio of women, well known in their own locality, who made a point of attending every funeral, humble and otherwise, that they heard of.

One of them, now dead, had intended to bequeath quite a sum to a distant relation; but when that kinswoman neglected to invite her to a "burying" in the family, she turned her back on her for ever.

Going to her house, she pointed out the clause in her will that affected the bereaved one, and then, with a gesture of the deepest contempt, cast that document on the fire, returned home, and made a new will, in which the cut-off woman was never mentioned.

Sometimes morbidity of mind takes strange forms. One man has a curious horror of crowds. Never has he seen a great pageant, and for years he has neither attended a concert nor witnessed a play.

When, too, all the world is astir—as, for instance, on holidays—he is either cooped up at home or buried in the country, far from the multitude. He accounts for this peculiarity by saying that he completely loses his head when surrounded by people, and instances an extraordinary freak of his that happened before he began to avoid crowds.

Listening with hundreds of others to an open-air band performance, he admired a breast-pin in the cravat of a gentleman standing near him. Presently an uncontrollable impulse seized him.

Bending forward, he snatched the ornament from under its owner's chin; but, instead of running away or attempting to hide it, he only held it in his hand and looked at it fixedly. Of course, he was quickly pounced on.

Then he realized what he had done, and instantly apologized for his conduct. Fortunately he succeeded in convincing the gentleman that he had taken the pin during a lapse of sanity, or he would have appeared in the dock of a police court.

WEDDINGS IN JAPAN.—Some authors maintain that marriage in Japan is only a civil contract, unaccompanied by any religious solemnization. Others say that there is a religious ceremony, and that the marriage must be registered in the temple to which the young couple belong.

Prayers and benedictions are then pronounced by the priest, and there is a formal kindling of bridal torches, the bride's from the altar, and the bridegroom's from the bride's; after this they are proclaimed to be man and wife.

Now begins the business of the day. The bride with her black teeth is dressed in white, and when she leaves her father's house she is covered from head to foot in the garment which is to be her shroud.

In this plight she is seated in a palanquin, and carried forth to parade the greater part of the town, escorted by her family and friends.

When she reaches her husband's house two of her youthful friends accompany her to the state-room. These friends answer to our bridesmaids, and are called the male and female butterflies.

In this state-room sits the bridegroom in the seat of honor, with his parents and nearest relations, and there are two tables in the apartment very elaborately arranged. On one of them is a miniature representation of a fir tree, emblematic of man's strength; of a plum tree in blossom, the emblem of a woman's beauty; and of cranes and tortoises, the emblems of long life and happiness. On the other table stand all the apparatus for drinking saki, the national stimulant.

By this time the bride in her shroud and the attendant butterflies take their places; and then commences the pouring out, presenting and drinking of saki amidst formalities numerous and minute beyond description.

When the drinking is at last over the wedding guests make their appearance, and the evening is spent in eating and drinking. In deference to the frugality of the early Japanese, the wedding feast consists of very simple fare.

Three days after this the bride and bridegroom pay a visit to the lady's family. The bride then plucks out her eyebrows, and the wedding ceremonies are finally over.

HOW THE RUSSIANS KEEP WARM.—The Russians have a great knack of making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly-built houses, where all doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls.

There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest garb, which contrasts oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out. A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or drive.

He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a top coat with a fur collar, lining, and cuffs; he buries his hands in fingerless gloves of bear or seal skin.

Thus equipped, the Russian exposes his nose only to the cold air, and he takes care to frequently rub that organ to keep the circulation going.

A stranger would often get his nose frozen if it was not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow.

In Russian cities, walking is just possible for men during winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee boots; those of the shop-keeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs.

INTELLECT AND HAIR.—A learned German professor maintains that the reason why the sheep is so intellectually backward and stunted, as we know him to be, is that the strain which the growth of his coat imposes on his organism absorbs its entire stock of energy, and leaves none to support the mental functions. And so it is with the bear.

The sagacity of the animal world is, the professor insists, found in the hairless creatures, and he instances the elephant and the serpent in support of his theory.

Extending his observations to inanimate nature, he points out that the grander and loftier mountain summits are totally bare of vegetation, while it is only the tops of hills and the mountains of the second class that are covered with verdure and are susceptible of cultivation.

And applying this theory to the human race, the professor undertakes to demonstrate that baldness is a mark of intellectual superiority. It is a result of the intellectual fermentation in the brain, which gradually bulges out the upper surface of the skull.

Baldness is not simply loss of hair as is vulgarly supposed; it is caused by the excess of cerebral energy, which forces the skull through and causes it to grow above the hair.

A BRAND new thing in a concealed weapon case turned up at Lexington, Ky., recently, when Minnie Brown, colored, was arrested for carrying concealed weapons. She was carrying a razor in her hair, and when the officer took her hat off he discovered the razor nestled away in her curly locks.

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No. 1. The round of the head.
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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also, DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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